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CONFESSIONS OF A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT—HERMAN GLUCK

By Joseph Costello, 12-1

The award is based on a consideration of each entry as an example of its particular type of composition. For this reason CONFESSIONS OF A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT—HERMAN GLUCK, an example of the informal essay, is the judge's selection as the most successful entry.

It is to be commended because (1) the illusion of reality is sustained throughout; (2) it depicts with light and humorous touch the awkwardness of adolescence, a difficult subject: (3) its use of connotative words convey effective shades of meaning; (4) its deft touches of humor depend for the most part on situation rather than expression; (5) it maintains the subjective point of view with skill and restraint; (6) it heightens suspense with a concluding episode.

I have always had the most burning desire to know just what in the world people talked about at a dance. At a very early date I came into this world designated as Herman Gluck. I have always thought that this had something to do with my troubles in dancing. I also confess that I am normally of a rather shirking or bashful disposition. All this is necessary for my confession.

Now actuated by curiosity, I myself attended numberless dances, usually in the "stag" capacity. In my first dances back in grade school the world had completely overawed me; I had been hindered by an excess of timidity. Then, conversation was confined to rare mention of numbers attending, of attire, of decorations, yes, sadly, even of the weather. In those days I had escaped by the constant change of partners, to all of whom I addressed the same remarks, acquiring thus a certain cleverness and facility of speaking.

Yet, as formality increased in dancing, so conversation grew increasingly difficult. I acquired a characteristic reserve resulting from the lack of anything to say. Soon, however, I found that I could be critical of my own dancing abilities with great success. I found that my awkwardness and mistakes in the dance could become an entrancing subject to while away the hours. I ever found new whips with which to lash myself, and in so doing I gave my partner a chance to uphold and excuse me. Yet this charming tête à tête became boring to one of my fast growing conversational powers.

About this time, say the middle stage of high school, my character took a turn. Every month or two I would rather boldly indulge in a cigarette, or "coffin-nail." I would let an occasional "hell" or "damn" escape my lips. Altogether I was rapidly becoming a worldly-wise personage.

In keeping with this air of dare-deviltry was my carriage on the dance floor. Though knowing nothing of dancing I found much more enjoyment in simply assuming a knowledge of it, as so many others were doing successfully. I no longer excused the jab of the toe into the unprotected region of an adjacent ankle or the overlapping of a shoe on the tender toe of a partner. It was really a thrill to savagely clamp a toe and refrain haughtily from an apology. But, to continue, my speech became rather flippant, and I made many remarks of a daring unrestraint. Once I recall distinctly asking a young maiden where she had been all my life. Though doubtful of the meaning of this bold phrase, I had heard it used to advantage, and here it did not fail to produce a coy

Joseph Costello

blush. I would on other occasions chide my partner on the number of her admirers and lament the impossibility of making a "date" with her. I have always regretted that my numerous conquests extended no farther than the dance floor. Yet I only used these new found powers of conversation at dances and was reluctant to let this passing chatter influence my outside actions. Still this was a delightful period of existence and one for which I carry the fondest memories.

However, all this, too, changed. By mathematical processes of elimination, subtraction and whatnot it became necessary for one to yoke in his own special partner. While his partner usually circulated among others most of the night, he could not escape strolling hither and thither to the dance hall in her company. Conversation cropped up as a major issue. And the issue was too much for me, I must confess.

On walking to the demoiselle's house I would, of course, wait the customary half hour for the completion of facial operations. In this phase

I used up my limited knowledge of politics with Dad. Now how a young person like me could be expected to chat meaningly on political hash incomprehensible to most of my elders is a riddle. Yet Dad certainly expected it, and I struggled through. Then "Jimmie" (there's always a Jimmie), would rapidly diminish my baseball stock in long eulogies of heroes. Mother being busy at supervising her daughter, I was saved from further conversational hardships.

Then Betty would trip into the room, and I would depart with a possessive arm looped through hers. I murmur on the blessings of a worthy family; I extoll the very excellent features of the maiden's dress, make-up, et. al. (Though dating from the Ark this method never fails). I act the good listener to all her appealing patter and her naïve babbling, for this is a requirement of good conversation. All in all this phase is not too trying. Moreover, a car will lessen the amount of speech necessary in this trip.

Once at the ball the orchestra, the guests, and decorations are all suitably considered. Friends and new introductions provide us with still more material. All that comes is grist to our mill. Now before continuing let me stress a point in my outlook. The dance is unmistakably connected with the act of love. A girl may with propriety be clasped in an embrace at a dance. The orchestra blares, bleats, and whispers of love even as it did in the staid old Vienna days in different fashion. Yes, above all, one brings another suitable for the bestowal of one's affections, either at present or in the future. So the love element in conversation cannot be detoured even though it enter in only an aubon. Thus I have found it necessary to adopt certain tactics, but because of various "complexes" I succeed not too greatly. Talk lapses, although I occasionally dart a personal thrust before retreating into my shell. I have often hoped that the ethereal dream in my arms realized that my insane remarks arose from a desperate wish to preserve conversation. I am not able to provide an easy flow of pleasing little nothings. Yet I know the girl is not interested in poetry, mathematics or such outlets. Therefore, though I assure myself that I am happy, a dense fog of impenetrable reserve separates us. Every day conversation seems like a pun in a funeral hall. Under these conditions my bravado is not so easy. I feel capable of sweeping her off her feet if I once burst into my oratorical vein. However, I tremble at thought of a lengthy continuance of amours. I am not able to provide light talk and dare not pour out the passionate discourse of which I am capable.

Finally, the farewell number is droned, and we depart. Oh, spare me these parting moments! Action and not speech is much more advisable, is it not? I, however, an incurable introvert, am far too timid in action to permit a graceful withdrawal. Impending difficulty loosens the chopped-up speech. I talk insipidly of stars and moon, fearing the approach of Betty's front steps. Ah, steps of portent, steps of wondrous meaning! Here they are, and here are we! She breathes a low "thank you" for a happy evening and talks ever so idly while I say rather untruthfully that I had the best time ever. Now a kiss is accepted as the customary action at this point, but such a simple osculation would have driven me through the earth's floor. Ah, no! I filled long moments with queer grunting expressions "wh's, er's, uy's and ah's," and slipped away with my collar stiff against my neck.

ON RIDING BICYCLES TO SCHOOL

By Arthur Schuh, 12-1

Here is a piece of writing which conforms to the requisites of the humorous essay. The author successfully treats his subject, at fair length, in a rather delightful style, giving a decidedly original interpretation of certain phases of bicycle riding which makes the essay amusing reading.

Years ago when we were unpretentious seventh and eighth graders many of our number shortened the distance between home and school by riding bicycles.

After attaining the honor and dignity of the ninth grade most of the pedal pushers laid aside their trusty vehicles and trod their weary way to school rather than risk the chance of being seen in such an undignified pose as one is apt to assume while riding the afore mentioned vehicle.

However, there are still some stalwart, sturdy, and unspoiled lads of the upper grades who continue to propel their velocipedes schoolward every morning. As we, who disdain such a primitive mode of conveyance, are laboriously making our way towards the two-thirds finished school house, these two-wheeled knights speed gracefully by us, unhindered in their purposeful progress by all the twists of fate and weather. They have hardly ever been known to shirk their chosen task for anything less than a flat tire. This remarkable example of physical and mental fortitude which passes us every morning, cannot, as you see, fail to inspire us. The plucky gladiator do-or-die look in their eyes makes us think of Washington at Valley Forge. Their stamina and fearlessness make us realize that all is not lost and that perhaps we too, by a similar application of will power, can learn the valence of strontium.

These bicycle riders have learned from experience that the more clothes a cyclist wears, the greater are his chances of remaining fit to

ride more. Therefore, they ride like huge bundles of blankets along the streets of our fair city. They are, in fact, very reliable thermometers. Each sweater represents a twenty degree drop from seventy degrees and when it is zero they add an extra garment for good measure.

Because these boys ride bicycles, do not get the idea that they are behind the times. Far from it! Their bicycles appear upon first glance to be commonplace, it is true, but a closer examination reveals all sorts of nick-nacks and gadgets from electric horns to colored banners. The former might explain why we jump from our shoes at the tremendous shriek of a horn and look around only to see one of our fellow students crouched threateningly over the handle bars as if he were driving a motor cycle.

I suggest that we commemorate the faithfulness of these boys by a statue (placed in the middle of the school lawn), similar to the history book picture of Balboa discovering the Pacific with his sword upraised in one hand and his other hand placed benevolently on the shoulder of a boy who is leaning against a bicycle. One may assume that he is showing him the shortest way to Quincy or giving him some sort of a theological lecture.

AND WAS THE N. P. IMPRESSED?

By Helen Vandeleur, 11-3

"What is the groaning noise coming from that classroom?" asked the New Pupil as we passed 310.

"Only the groans of the pupils after they have heard the rabbit sausage story for the forty-ninth time," I responded.

"Rabbit sausage story? Please explain."

"You know, the one about the rabbit sausage with some horse meat mixed in. Proportions 1-1. One horse to one rabbit!"

"Do you hear that often?"

"Only every time the Law of Definite Proportions or something similar comes up," was my answer.

But a word of explanation is necessary. I was escorting an N. P. (new pupil) about the building. You know, showing her the layout and giving her a few helpful hints about good, bad, and indifferent teachers. I have found that one sure way to make a friend for life is to give an N. P. the low-down on what, like Prosperity, is just around the corner.

The N. P. entered Christmas Week so when I was proudly displaying our libarary she asked who was responsible for the mistletoe in the doorway.

"Why, my dear," I said, "that was put there by optimistic members of the Senior Girls' Club in the hope of waylaying Mr. Smoyer, who has his office in the library. But no, he wends his scholarly way, never realizing the trap that is laid for him. I went into the library one day for the express purpose of ambushing him. Instead, he came out as I went in and we met about two feet outside the door. He looked blank when, in disgusted tones, I exclaimed 'Darn, too late'!"

So, after telling the N. P. the sad story of my blighted hope, I took her into 203, and who was presiding over the study hall but Mr. Foy! I introduced the N. P. and after popping out again I told her about the wound that Mr. Foy's literary self incurred when he found one of his younger, very much younger, English pupils reading a story called "Marriage by Capture" during a study period. Why, Mr. Foy positively blew up. His face acquired a very vivid scarlet and he treated the poor boy to a lecture on discrimination in the selection of reading matter. All this merely because a young hopeful wanted his romance a bit be-times.

I next decided to show the N. P. the auditorium, the cafeteria, and the gym. There was no cause for hurry, and anyway, I hadn't prepared my math review home work. When we got into the auditorium the N. P. seemed interested in the green and buff squares on the rear wall. I explained that they were part of the acoustic properties. I didn't explain further because she didn't ask. Perhaps she knew more than I did about it.

By then it was lunch time, so I took her to the cafeteria. "Oh, isn't this grand!" she exclaimed. "You even have wash basins down here. The pupils at North must be shining examples of exterior cleanliness. I shamelessly answered that of course we were. I neglected to tell her that after the school spent so much money on the wash stands the only time that water was ever run into one was once when an inquisitive individual wanted to see if they really worked. Perhaps we would use them if there were any towels. How are the pupils of the feminine gender going to dry their hands on two by four handkerchiefs? Perhaps none of us ever feel the need of performing mid-day ablutions. But they serve one purpose in that they do impress strangers.

But to resume my narrative. We bought our lunches. My friend, the N. P. seemed pleased with the menu. There is no denying the fact that our cafeteria service is above par. We bought California chicken pie (Tuna Fish), and my friend desired salt, as indeed did I. The question: How does one get salt? I always use much salt at home but can never even smell any at school. It would be a good idea if the pupils could have the use of the salt cellars. Maybe teachers are God's chosen people, but we must have our salt. All I hope is that it is not wilful negligence. I should hate to think that some-

one was maliciously depriving me of my salt. One day in the seventh grade remains in my memory. I bought a salad minus salt. I went over to the teacher's table where Mr. Collins was sitting alone. I asked him for the use of his salt. He gladly acquiesced. So I was able to enjoy my salad. But that didn't provide salt for my saltless companions. Maybe "The meek shall inherit the earth," but I got the salt. Anyway, despite this sad luck the N. P. enjoyed her lunch. Afterwards we made a trip to the gym and the girls' locker room. She was surprised to see what nice individual showers we have. The N. P. appreciated the story I told her about the girl who ran to the gym teacher and cried, "I can't take a shower today."

"Why not?" asked the instructor.

"There's no curtain on my shower," was the reply.

Just then the bell rang so we started upstairs. The lines were passing. Single file and one way traffic were in order on the stairs.

Suddenly a clatter was heard and two fellows, one very tall and the other well built and of medium height came racketing downstairs going in the direction opposite to that which the lines were taking. The N. P. raised her eyebrows and said, "And who are the young Lords of Creation who defy all obvious traffic rules?"

"Just a couple of athletic heroes," I said. "The cops wouldn't allow us lesser mortals to do that."

Just as I was whispering these comments came the gruff command, "Quiet there!"

With a resigned expression I left the N. P. to make her own observations. By this time the N. P. had seen all there was of consequence, so I turned her over to her divisional teacher and wended my weary way toward my next class.

LEGAL FICTION

By Lawrence Reid, P. G.

A venerable P. G. airs his exalted opinion in brilliant satirical fashion, and we are obliged to agree with him.

Something seems to have gone wrong within the complicated turmoil of modern business. Either the sales promoters have bungled their persuasive presentations or else Barnum was right. Advertisers have evidently overlooked the fact that the normal member of the buying public is willing to give fair consideration to any product if its need and merit are made clear. Salesmanship is not an argumentative campaign based on the assumption that no one wants to buy anything and that people must be tricked and cajoled into spending their money. Perhaps it was the recent economic upset that forced manufacturers to use the kind of advertising that now overruns almost every newspaper and magazine published in this country: absurdly superlative claims veiled seductively behind vague and enticing neologisms. Downright laughability has replaced a good part of the dignity in advertising.

Lawrence Reid

We have before us a serial cartoon in four vivid acts, condemning us Americans as a foul-smelling race. The first scene pictures a much dejected young man seated on a park bench with a young lady whose inclined nose seems to point to the fact that she is sorely displeased with her would-be lover. In the next installment the proverbial little bird is telling the gentleman the cause of the difficulty. This revelation is simply these two portentious initials: "B. O." Surely there is no need to explain the meaning of this euphemistic abbreviation; for has it not become a household word? The third act is an artistic representation of the young man in the process of laving his personal self with Lifebuoy. The sequel shows him once again with his lady friend. Her attitude seems to have changed, for her eyelids are lowered and she is actually permitting the ardent swain to caress her silken cheek with his pursed lips. This touching story has for its title "A Mended Heart," a tale without words.

Turning the pages, we find warnings to fortify ourselves against odiferous exhalation, tinted toothbrush, curvilinear spinal column, sepia molars, and all manner of nasty things. What an altogether horrid breed of humans!

We didn't object to the inter-billboard argument between Luckies and Old Golds because we weren't particularly interested in the comparative mildness of primitive Mother Nature nor in the possibilities of improvement on her. Nor were we startled when Chesterfields revealed their micrometric longitudinal and diametrical dimensions (though we hardily knew why the size should make them satisfy). We've wanted for a long time to meet the young lady

who dresses so very prosperously and yet smokes Wings in all the ads. Some day that bell-hop may get his call through to Philip Morris. But it's no fun to be fooled, and the bitter irony of the whole situation is that now Camels are trying to test our nerve.

We thought that testimonials would shortly expire, but the queens of America's social realm are still posing for full-page natural-color plates and affixing their signatures to testification of the merits found in all sorts of commodities. We suppose it is the depression.

Last year General Motors exploited six makes of motor cars by bringing the greatest part of their advertising emphasis on the trick windows that come with Fisher bodies. This year you can get a straight eight for your money; the cars have knees. Perhaps some refers to the snapping of timely photographs; in fact, he even hints that he may produce some day they'll tell us what makes the wheels go around.

The magazines, newspapers, and billboards are bad enough, but even God's once pure air is not free of this unadulterated hooey. It sounded almost too good to be true, but we read recently of a beneficent, enterprising scientist who has perfected a contraption for your radio that automatically eliminates advertising orations. And what a wealth of respect is generally accorded the radio advertisers who make it a point to keep their advertising element at a minimum.

Personally, we like to look at the Flit ads.

And in case you're interested to know our private opinion of what is good advertising, look over the pamphlet called "Between Ourselves" that comes with your telephone bill every month—if you do go so far as to open the envelope. The gentleman who composes it is always one jump ahead of his reader: he knows how the reader will react. That simple knowledge of good advertising psychology is the one essential to good salesmanship.

And what is the explanation to this generally unfortunate condition? We guess that most Americans don't mind being treated like suckers—or maybe they don't even realize when it happens. They don't take the ads seriously. If they did, something would be done in objection to all these uncertain, and sometimes untruthful claims. And yet the people are buying. Our suggestion is that people will buy anyway. We have often noticed that the firms whose products are the most valuable and reputable are the ones that advertise very carefully—and very infrequently.

THE JESTER—ON "THINGS THAT COULD BE DONE BUT WON'T BE"

The Jester has always felt that he would obtain the most diabolical delight in rolling a bag of marbles down the auditorium during an assembly. His musical sensibilities reflect on the tinkling harmonies of a hundred ringing marbles blending with the bell-like oratory of the speaker.

There are other equally diverting amusements with which he manufactures an all-day revery. A curious twist in that part of the mind devoted to physics has filled his mind with various experiments in falling bodies. He has often wondered how long it would take a trickle of aqua pura, deftly inserted between the third floor railings to reach a craning neck on the first floor (first, of course, he would have had confederates carefully place lambs on the ground floor in a position for the slaughter). Along this line also is his delight in the flight of a penny from the third floor window to the walk and in the curiosity and scrambling which it evokes from the lunch period gathering.

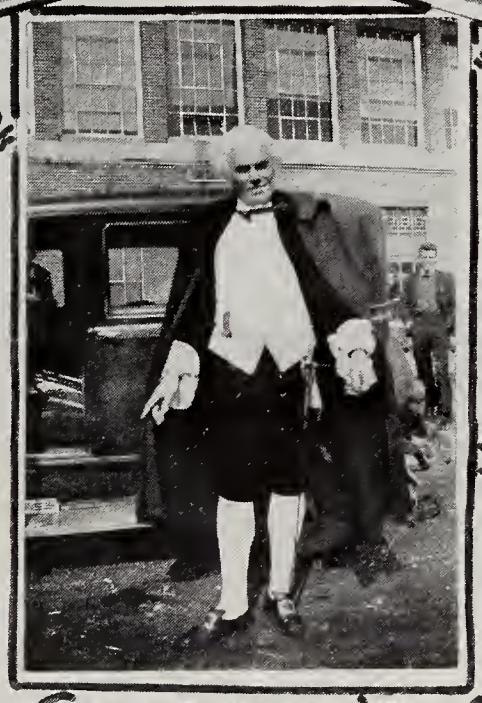
Now the Jester has slept many a happy period in dreaming of arrestingly clever schemes of a harmless nature. He has, by dint of research and experience, acquired much valuable knowledge. For instance, he knows that a small amount of hamburg in a pocket is a decided attraction to the canine and feline families. With a little crafty persuasion and by a little maneuvering in entering he could very steathily succeed in swelling the present menagarie to the extent of a few cats and dogs.

His thoughts dwell also on the realms of noise making. Once upon a time, in a school of which he knew, a pupil succeeded in getting brief possession of the audiophone system. With strategy and quickness he was able to transmit a peculiarly raucous discord to the ears of the school. He states, moreover, (again the Jester) that the ventilation system is also unexcelled for the transmission of noise. Also that the empty class room with a telephone can be the most thrilling environment for a daring soul.

Yet think not that the Jester would urge such clandestine breeches of discipline. Rather he wishes to allow you to enjoy the happiness "which you would have if you did do this, without doing it."

Well, if you followed that, please follow him a bit further. To those of you who have doubts the Jester wishes to prove that his harmless plotting can take practical leanings. He believes that from each piece of work one should extract the maximum amount of happiness. This thought arose after he had watched the toiling janitors perambulating a lawn-mower over endless acres of grass. The Jester would replace

NOCIS SNAPPY SHOTS



"SOME FUN—EH BOSS?"

"YOU WICIOUS WOMAN!"

"LUNCH TIME—I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL!"

"THE WAY OF THE TRANGRESSOR IS HARD"

GRADES OF '76!

Lawrance H. Hart
as
GEORGE WASHINGTON

this with a method which tickles his imagination. He visions a bright, pert chorus of grass cutters in sparkling color on the lawn. Cheer leaders would come first exhorting them to unparalleled efforts. Next would come three powerful janitors, the leads of the chorus, with big mowers rumbling like mimic tanks. Behind would come the mincing students with scythes lifted in unison. There would be the one, two, three of a stoop, a cut, a rising, followed by a flanking movement until the grass would lie in severed ranks to be danced over in triumph. The Jester suggests further that the band practice would come as a part of this weekly ritual and accompany the dancing and the triumphal closing. Yet this being cool weather the removal of snow seems on second thought to be more practical than the cutting of grass. Therefore he apologizes and states that in the summer issue he will propose the proper removal of snow.

So, turning to the present, the Jester explains his latest brain wave. Here he believes one of his deeds than can be done but won't may startle its proponent and actually be done. He of these pictures in the Manet. So he warns all to beware. He has mourned before the lack of a camera on occasions such as certain teachers' "tea parties" of an informal nature in Miss Marriner's room. Then, too, he wishes to snap pretty little pictures of lads and lassies chatting intently in dark corridors after school. That peculiar loving expression would appear to immense advantage in film. Then too, though he himself has often been a great disturber, the Jester would be so mean as to photograph talking or even a lively game of tit-tat-too at an assembly. He would snap certain scenes of flying erasers and books in class rooms. Even a particularly savage oath in the midst of a game would have tremendous dramatic value to him. In fact, before he closes (a posse is reported approaching) the Jester goes so far as to think of the reception of one picture. He reflects on the consternation of certain males on seeing their retreating heels, veering out of bounds for a smoke, reproduced in the Manet. (When the Jester ventures out of bounds he first throws out a rubber ball so that he is only chasing the ball.) Now though the Jester may plan many escapades, unless anyone has something definitely against him, he will mercilessly expose other offenders. Furthermore, he stands ready with his Kodak to withstand any encroachments on his personal ideas.

But after all writing is so tiresome! The Jester must now return to his diverting dreams. (He is planning an impromtu fire drill.)

NORTHERN EXPOSURES

By Men About Town

After reading the following "casual" observations, we shall nevermore traverse the dusky corridors without feeling the prying eyes of certain Men About Town.

We introduce a new feature to the "Manet", "Northern Exposures", by Men About Town. This column will contain all the school scandal that it is possible for us to obtain.

We hear that J. Thornton McWeeney broke a chandelier in a certain young lady's house in Montclair, while demonstrating a golf shot with one of the Pater's clubs . . . What a hacker.

Are these referees with the striped shirts ex-convicts or just petty thieves?

We wish to suggest to the school authorities that when they hand out sweaters to the next football team they give them to the players' girl friends first. We feel that this would save time and effort on the part of the girls.

The Varsity Follies went over in a big way at the Junior Carnival . . . Why not, with Bill Feurtado as Minnie The Moocher?

A bouquet in your lap, Jimmy McLellan, for the fine way you put over your act at the Junior Carnival.

History repeats itself. The North took Gettysburg and North took Quincy. . . Football, Wrestling and Basketball.

When Walter Joly met the official at one of the home basketball games the "ref" gave him the once-over and remarked, "Gee, you're a funny looking guy" . . . Never mind, Walter, what's one man's opinion against hundreds of pretty girls?

Why is it that some members of the Senior Class skipped school to see "Cab" Calloway during his recent visit to the Met, when we have so many hi-de-ho boys about school?

The idea of the buttons for traffic officers and cafeteria marshals is to show the teachers that they are cops and not just some other pupils who don't know where they belong.

Incidentally, the manly art of shaving is becoming popular here . . . At Heidleberg they get their scars from duelling; at North they get them from wielding the razor.

This harmonizing in the cafeteria may be O. K. after school, but it's bad for the digestion during the lunch period.

We're beginning to wonder what Jimmy Guilmartin has been doing with this camera he's been lugging about school.

We know those birds who walked off with the ice cream at the Valentine Dance didn't mean any harm, but what a bunch of softies. Probably some of those "pansies" from the Varsity Club that Mr. Collins mentioned.

We suggest to Ralph Mettler that he be sick

more often. He was on the outs over at Tufts, and he won his match in 40 seconds.

Basketball isn't the only indoor sport "Cap" Bryan participates in. You really should have seen him cutting out paper hearts for the Valentine Dance decorations . . . Yoo-hoo Cappy.

If you want the real low-down on the Skippy program, see Dutchy Taber . . . Had your Wheaties yet Dutch?

We notice that Andy Kelley and Anna Cashman are always absent on the same day.

We breathe more easily now that the basketball team has returned from Danvers intact . . . Maybe there should have been a longer visit in a few cases.

What's the purpose of this luncheon club that's held in 302? . . . Even the members don't know.

It used to be the boys with B. O. or halitosis who didn't fit with the ladies. Now it's the wrestling squad with their grizzily bear hug.

The happy medium between hot and cold has been found at last. Dick Gould solved the problem at a Hi-Y supper. He dunks his ice cream in his cocoa.

If you think that Kenny Patten and the boys put on a good wrestling match you should have been on the bus with the basketball squad on the return trip from Taunton . . . Hey Rube.

That's all for the present, we'll be back in the graduation number with more "Northern Exposures."

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

By Harold V. Scollin, 9-1

The wrestling team is made up of weaklings.

The carnival was not a big financial success.

The traffic problems are all solved and the corridors are very quiet.

Bill Feurtado is all skin and bones.

The North Quincy-Quincy basketball game was poorly attended.

Miss Parker has never been seen to smile.

The "Varsity Follies" looked distinctly feminine.

Mr. Rogers has never been heard to utter a big word.

The school dunces are in 12-1.

Mr. Collins never uses the word "therefore" when speaking.

A PUZZLE

By H. Irene Willard, 10-1
Dorothy E. Stebbins, 9-1

If you really can't guess, look on the last page for the answers.

The answer is a teacher's name.

1. A kind of meat.
2. An uncivilized person.
3. To mark up.
4. Piece of automobile equipment.
5. A maker of famous cough drops.
6. To search.
7. Action of a snake.
8. A Christmas song.
9. What fire does.
10. A night light.
11. An ex-President.
12. Inventor of the cotton gin.
13. A non-color.
14. Almost a miser.
15. A popular game plus s.
16. A direction.
17. A sailor.
18. Cost.
19. One who cares for horses.
20. A frontier scout.
21. A great Macedonian king.
22. A way to cook meat.
23. A member of the President's Cabinet.
24. A mayor.
25. A Civil War general.
26. What is used to fix a flat tire?
27. The form that prairie grass takes.
28. A Quincy market.
29. A bill collector.
30. A near-by airport.
31. A famous authoress.
32. A poet of renown.
33. A famous comedian.
34. The name of a song.
35. A pilgrim who came from England on the "Mayflower."
36. A local politician.
37. A famous statesman.
38. A famous dancer.

CHRYSALIS

By Hazel Borne

I am too much myself.
I would I could go from myself,
Leave me like a shell,
Like a dragon fly, new-born,
Emerging from its chrysalis
With damp and trailing wings.
And I would poise
Rejoicing in my new-found being
On a swayed green stem,
Until I felt my wings grow strong with sun.
Then would I soar and dart and spin,
The sun reflecting from my wings
New radiances.
New motions would I find
New songs, new tears—
The old restrictions gone, of fear and hate,
Of shame, of sorrow, and regret;
And I a newer, lighter, brighter thing.

E. H. Ba...
Literary

BROKEN FLIGHT

By Janet Adair, 12-2

The short story, BROKEN FLIGHT, is a plot narrative written in the form of four brief episodes, each suggestive of intervening action. Continuity and plot are secured by carefully articulated conversation, suggesting, at the same time, the characters, the setting, and the situation. Dependence on this technique alone for a full rounded story interest leaves too much to the reader's imagination. Too many details necessary to his understanding and interest are left unexplained. A fuller development of the situation implied by the plot would have made a more effective story without violation of this type of narrative. It is a commendable experiment in condensation which succeeded too well. Honorable mention.

Starlight filtered through the dusty windows of the weather-beaten shop, illuminating a deserted interior. A battered sign swung on creaking hinges outside the door, but the men and women who made a beaten path to old Sven's shop would not have noticed it even if it had been legible, for they knew he made the finest skiis in the winter sports world. A tow headed boy sat in half shadow on the door sill with three packages beside him. The steady trot of hoofs muffled in the dust of the country road became audible. The youngster gathered his possessions, and as the wagon came out of the wood and stopped, swung himself up beside the driver. The horse started and this conversation drifted in monosyllables.

"Don't cry boy."

"No."

The sign sighed in the wind.

* * * *

When the huge liner docked in New York, a man and woman met the bewildered blonde child, ward of the dead Sven, whom curious passengers had found so unresponsive.

"That all the parcels you have, kid?"

"Now, Gus, let him alone. He doesn't understand English."

"Are those your clothes, Arne?" the woman asked in Swedish, indicating the bundles.

"Clothes, no," he spoke with scorn. "These are my skiis and that is the cup I won at the winter carnival."

"I'll take care of them," said Gus, "but they didn't reach Montreal the first week, or the second week, or ever at all."

"He'll be too much expense anyway, Helvi. God knows we didn't want him in the first place. He looks strong, but he won't be much good on the farm so shut up now and I'll buy you a new dress with some of the money. Didn't think a couple of sticks of sandpapered wood could be worth so much."

* * * *

A small black figure flashed down the ski run, crouched, leaped, soared through space, and landing on the steep slope completed the jump by a perfectly turned stop. The crowd gasped with admiration, and already the last of the junior skiers was approaching the take off. Expectant faces craned upward. The air balancing was perfect, but as the skis struck the icy descent, the audience hushed, horror stricken. In a crumpled heap the boy slid down the steep incline, lying still as death, one ski slithering to the bottom, the other tangled under him. A man dashed out, and cutting the rotted leather, fastening the flattened and roughly but painstakingly hewn barrel stave to the boy's foot, lifted him in his arms, walking carefully down the human lane to a car, and drove off.

For days the white figure lay unconscious in the doctor's bedroom, one leg in a cast, the head swathed in bandages except for a single

Janet Adair

tuft of yellow hair. Thus he was addressed, "Well, 'Sonny'," the doctor would say each day in a more worried voice, "about time you came to."

It was five weeks before the blue eyes hazily opened.

"Hi, Mister, what happend?"

"Oh, you took a tailspin when the strap on your hundred dollar skiis broke."

"Why does my leg feel so heavy? Did I break it?"

"Yes, and your head too. Pretty wise kid to stay unconscious till you're almost all better, aren't you?"

"Are Gus and Helvi here?"

"No."

"Am I going to stay?"

"Maybe."

"By the way, how did you happen to enter the contest with those shoe boxes?"

"In Sweden my uncle made skiis, the best in the world. I won a cup. Gus got mad with me one day and said he took them to a pawn shop. I hate Gus."

A week later a car bounced up the rutty drive to a ramshackle farmhouse. A slatternly looking woman came to the door and closed it after the doctor.

"You don't think I did wrong, Mister? Gus ain't even been nice to me since the boy arrived.

I'm only his cousin and Arne was old Sven's sister's child. When Sven died the boy almost died too from grief. I let him come here, thinkin' he'd have enough money to pay for himself. Sven didn't make his skiis for profit."

"Five hundred dollars, Mister; sure we could use it."

A heavy step was heard in the doorway and Gus spoke, "I dunno, we were gettin' kind of attached to the kid. A thousand!"

When the car drove off the doctor had a written relinquishment in his pocket.

* * * *

The pale face brightened at the doctor's entrance.

"I saw your friends this afternoon 'Sonny'! Next winter will you teach me how to ski?"

"Next winter?"

"Sure—Sonny."

A CHILD'S VIEW POINT

By Arthur Schuh, 12-1

A CHILD'S VIEW POINT is an essay with a serious purpose which is indicated rather than achieved. The comparison between the child and public opinion effectively realizes the writer's purpose, and the studied formality of the language emphasizes satirically the childishness of public opinion. Unfortunately, a convincing application would have exceeded the word limit of this competition. From the development of even the minimum number of parallel applications would have emerged an essay occupying far more than its space in "The Manet." Honorable mention.

Have you ever observed a child who was looking forward with great expectancy and the happiness of anticipation towards the visit of some acquaintance or relative who usually may be counted upon to bring some little favor for him? This favor may not be much, but so long as its nature is a surprise, Johnny is genuinely thrilled and regards its giver as a hero and a remarkable collection of all of the most desirous traits and qualities.

Needless to say, once a surprise has been given, the visitor emerges from obscuritiy into the limelight of Johnny's hall of fame. His place in this institution is directly proportional to the gift and Johnny's appreciation of it. Johnny's appreciation depends upon whether or not he has had gifts of the same nature from other people. However, the donor should be careful to always bring a gift from this time on; the gift will be anticipated and Johnny will be expecting to be surprised.

But, let this charitable guest forget once or in his haste bring something which does not meet with Johnny's approval, and his image is ungraciously removed from the hall of fame to repose forever afterwards in the discarded pile, the pile of "has beens". Johnny has forgotten any former signs of friendship and can only think of his bitter disappointment of the present rather than the bygone pleasures of the past. This is the guest's reward for setting his standard and then departing from it in some slight way.

In this world there are many millions of Johnnies, the only difference being that the young are franker and not quite so experienced in their opinions. Nevertheless, I'll make a wager with any one that a child has an instinctively keen judgment of people which is as good as that of most men of the world. These millions of Johnnies constitute the world as a whole and are responsible for its opinions.

This great thing called public opinion is then, merely the equivalent of the opinion of millions of children.

To gain favor in the proverbial public eye, one must figuratively present it with gifts in the form of surprises. When I say surprises, I refer to exceptional performances in one's chosen profession. Great actors, bankers, politicians, authors, poets, comedians, soldiers, lecturers, explorers, athletes, and even criminals all gain places in the gallery of public opinion. Their places depend upon the nature of their contributions.

Once a man gains the support of favorable public opinion, he is not secure; he must maintain his reputation because any deviations are frowned upon by the public. He must keep up his fine work and continue to surprise the public. He must remember that the public is looking to him for surprises just as Johnny looked to his benefactor. If in the apparent security of his position, he neglects the ladder which helped him climb to success and forgets to appease Johnny's increasing desires, his slow and painful ascent of the ladder is of no avail. His downfall is ten times as rapid. When a man has reached his height of achievement, and cannot add to or better his contributions in any way, the wise course is voluntary retirement. Johnny will inquire solicitously for a while, but a new idol will soon appear and Johnny will forget the old for the new and the former idol may gain whatever pleasure he may from quietly watching his successor follow in his footsteps.

Thus public opinion is a fickle versatile feeling of the masses which cares for individuals as long as they seem to serve to their utmost ability. But public opinion does not tolerate any decrease in the quality of the service and forgetful of the past services rendered, it pushes him down the ladder into the obscurity from which he rose. What children we are!

WINTER'S MOON

By Elizabeth Balcom, 12-1

On high, fine nights
A white lady walks up the sky,
Piping on a silver pipe
Brittle strains that fall
And splash and scatter,
A shining cascade
Powdering the blackness
With a thin, white light.
Sometimes she is a nun,
A white nun telling brilliant beads
Through icy fingers,
Washing them with bitter, glittering tears,
Silently murmuring aves,
Filling the night with a clean, cold holiness.

THE DELIGHTFUL GUEST

By Elisabeth M. Ogilvie, 12-2

This story, although sentimental and improbable, has a charming atmosphere of fragile and beautiful old age. The descriptions are remarkably lucid, and the general tone of the story is warm and pleasing.

It was spring in Miss Gabrielle's garden. Not that it wasn't spring outside, too, but it seemed to make a specialty of decorating Miss Gabrielle's little walled place. Though a good many people would sniff at calling this secluded spot a garden, it was one undoubtedly.

There were four apple trees, growing informally instead of geometrically; they were in blossom and the air was full of creamy-rose petals. And old-fashioned flowers—red and white striped tulips, michaelmas daisies, and iris in lavender and blue, and tawny yellow, grew in great unrestrained clumps. The air was heavy with lilies-of-the-valley and lad's love. There were no prim paths, but single flagstones dotted the grass which was Miss Gabrielle's pride—it was so thick and green. And all around this lovely spot there was a wall of faded rose-red bricks.

Miss Gabrielle sat in a green wicker chair under the chiefest of the apple trees. Through its snowy branches she regarded the uncertain blue and white of the April sky. There was a thrush somewhere; at his sudden rapture Miss Gabrielle felt a sort of sweet wistful sadness.

"Gabie, you're not getting sentimental," she accused herself. "You're not thinking of dear dead days beyond recall!" But she was, unconsciously. She sighed, then abruptly sat up with a quickening of the pulses. She had the same feeling she used to have as a child—a conviction that at any moment something strange and delightful was going to happen. It had been company or a humming bird or jam for tea, but now company, besides the butcher's boy and the postman, was unheard of, and there were always humming birds in her undisturbed garden, and she had long since outgrown her love for jam. Nevertheless her heart beat faster and she looked around excitedly at the quaint gate in the wall.

No one appeared at the gate but there was a scraping noise somewhere, and precisely at the moment that Miss Gabrielle turned to look in its direction, which seemed to be in front of her chair, she saw a dark head, a pair of shoulders and finally a whole body appear on the wall. And there sat a young man, swinging his legs and regarding her with somewhat frightened amazement.

Miss Gabrielle was also astonished and startled. Then, with a flush in her cheeks, and without rising, she said, "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," he answered back, nervously. By his voice he was a very young man indeed. He leaned forward and added anxiously, "I say, I'm awfully sorry I barged in this way—I had no idea there was anyone here?" Which sounded strange but he was so visibly embarrassed and sincere that Miss Gabrielle said reassuringly, "Do come down before you fall! And I like company."

He smiled suddenly. "Thanks—thank you!"

He slid off the wall and landed with a thud on the grass. He crossed to her quickly, put his hands behind his back and looked down at her from his great height, speaking breathlessly.

"This is awfully decent of you—you see, I was coming down the road from town and I saw your wall and—well, I've always had an insatiable curiosity for the wrong side of a wall—and I saw the tops of the trees—and—here I am!"

"What a dear boy he is," thought Miss Gabrielle. She said graciously, motioning towards a chair, "Won't you sit down?"

He accepted promptly, but sat on the grass instead of on the chair, crossing his legs and leaning his elbows on his knees. A mist arose in Miss Gabrielle's eyes. All her life she had longed for boys in her garden. At first, sturdy rosy youngsters in tight blue jerseys that showed the curves of their hard, independent, yet lovable little bodies. Then boys growing tall and fair, in worn tweeds, and bare brown, scarred knees, a superfluity of arms and legs, and a ridiculous, uncertain, lilt in their voices. And now—the stranger hugged his knees and beamed at her from blue, bright eyes under dark brows—the left one quirked in absurdly familiar fashion. He was by no means a handsome boy—his nose had a bump in the middle and his mouth was wide—but his teeth gleamed and his skin was darkly glowing against his white scarf.

She found herself speaking. "This is a delightful surprise to me. I have so few visitors."

He was looking around with enchanted eyes. "Is it real or isn't it? I thought gardens like this existed only in books!"

Miss Gabrielle smiled again and contentedly studied the blue blazer, piped with white, with a white monogram on the breast pocket. Some sort of school uniform, she thought, then suggested, "Perhaps you'd like to explore."

He jumped up eagerly.

"May I really?"

"Of course," said Miss Gabrielle. "I'll let you go alone—I think it's much more interesting to discover things by oneself."

He plunged his hands in his pockets. "I say, you are a jolly sport!" He turned away and sauntered across the grass, whistling a tuneless fragment of song. When he had disappeared Miss Gabrielle said to herself, "Perhaps he's a burglar—but if the way to a man's heart is through his stomach a good tea might be of some use." She smiled up at Janet, who, unconscious of the guest, had brought out tea for one, laid attractively on a wheeled tray.

"Tea for two, Janet, with some of the little plum cakes you made, and please put some jam in the little ming bowl—the yellow one."

"For two, Miss Gabrielle?" Janet's plain face was astonished. She lifted severe eyebrows, half-opened her straight dour mouth..

"A young gentleman is calling, Janet. Please hurry."

Janet, burning with curiosity, switched off with an indignant whirl of starched skirts; Miss Gabrielle quivered with excitement as she made sure that there was plenty of sugar—boys liked sugar—and put a spray of apple-blossoms in her hair, like a maiden going to meet her lover.

When the visitor returned, Janet had already made the necessary additions, had returned to the house, and had stationed herself at a convenient window. She caught her breath sharply when he came into view, for there was something in his easy lounging poise that reminded her very much of someone who had stood, in that same spot, leaning against the twisted trunk of an apple tree.

Miss Gabrielle, meanwhile, was extremely happy. He had come back with shining eyes, and flushed.

"A dovecote too! Now I know it can't be real! And does the tiger cat bother the doves?"

"Not at all. Please sit down and have some tea with me."

Talking continuously he sat down and opened his snowy napkin with calloused, capable, brown hands. "I never was in a place like this before. Are YOU real? You look like a Dresden china figure," he added boldly.

Miss Gabrielle's cheeks became as pink as the fragile old teapot from which she filled his cup.

"Please, please," she murmured, passing it to him.

Over the cakes he became confidential. Amusing and entertaining details flowed in a continuous stream—his family, his school life, his childhood, his friends. Miss Gabrielle was entranced.

"They still think I'm the baby at home," he stated heatedly. "I'm nineteen. Sometimes I think I'm rather old for my age, but maybe I'm wrong. Alaric—the one that's in India—is no end hipped on himself." With outmost gravity he licked a crumb from his finger. "I hope I'll never be like that."

"My dear, you will never be that," thought Miss Gabrielle. "Not as long as you are so confident and delightful and friendly."

They talked. Long gold lines came across the wall. It grew cool and a faint breeze scattered the creamy-rose petals on a silvery head and a black one.

Suddenly the boy was up. "It must be late!" he exclaimed, drawing his black brows together. Suddenly Miss Gabrielle knew. She didn't have to be told his name . . . she knew, as surely as she knew her name.

With a contagious, surprised laugh, he cried out, "We don't even known each other's names?"

"My frends call me 'Miss Gabrielle'," she said gently. "And you're—"

"Michael Storm. My father used to live near here. Perhaps you knew him."

Miss Gabrielle sat very still. He approached her and she held out her small, fragile, hand. He took it in his big brown one, saying, "I've had a jolly time!" His eyes were eloquent. "I'm coming again—sometime."

Miss Gabrielle would have spoken, but he bent swiftly and kissed her cheek. Suddenly she was smelling heather . . . soap . . . vigorous young hair . . . he stood up, she saw his bright, dear blue eyes smiling down at her, through a mist—he was gone.

Janet saw him vault the gate and wondered. Miss Gabrielle stayed dreaming in her chair, staring at the napkin he had dropped on the grass. All at once she was filled with an all-consuming ecstasy . . . Michael Storm had left her without a word years before . . . but he had come back . . . to kiss her good-bye.

ELISSA WAS A BLONDE

By Hazel Borne

Pull over that big chair there and I'll tell you all abont the whole thing. It started with Daddy's getting that new man, David Harrison, in his office. You'd think Dad'd know better, getting in a man with blonde wavy hair, and inviting him out the house evenings with two girls already in the house, and Margaret asking a third one to visit for a couple of weeks. I must tell you about that girl, Margaret's vis-

itor, I mean. She's just between Meg's age and mine, but she'd never own being any younger than Meg. Her first name is really Ruth, but she calls herself Elissa, her second name. She's a gorgeous blonde, if I must say so. Great big swimming blue eyes and well, everything, but she makes me sick. From the time she comes in, to the time she goes out it's "Jeanie, run get this, will you?" and "Jeanie, bring me in that, like a good girl."

Have a chocolate? The ones with nuts on top are good. Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes. Well, she came to visit just three days after David Harrison entered the scene of conflict. Dad came home the second night Elissa was here and brought Mr. Harrison with him. I took a good look at him from the top of the stairs before I came down and decided he wasn't much older than Meg, just a kid in fact. So I went back and put on my new lacy collar and came down again. I walked nonchalantly into the front room as if I didn't know there was anybody there, and stopped politely at the door. Dad came over and put his arm around me and said, "Hello, Jeanie!" and pulled my ear as if I were a three-year old. I sort of drew away from him, said, "Hello, Dad," and wondered palpitatingly how he was going to introduce me. My worst fears were realized. He said, "Oh David, this is my younger daughter. Getting to be quite a young lady, isn't she? Jeanie, this is Mr. Harrison." I was on the point of giving Dad a viscious dig in the ribs but I didn't, so I made myself madder still by blushing and not being able to find anything to say except, "How do you do?" Then supper was announced, and we herded into the dining-room. Jimmie was late of course. He stamped in, slamming the front door behind him, walked right in and sat down and was already eating before Dad could get him introduced.

After supper Dad and Mr. Harrison went into Dad's study, and Meg said she had to go down to the library. That left Elissa and me to entertain each other. Believe me I didn't enjoy the project, and when the doorbell rang I ran to the door thinking it was Ted or someone. But I got rather a shock to discover it was Rick Nielson. I hadn't seen that rat, if I may say so, for months, and didn't like his looks any better this time than before. So I didn't even open the door wide at first but just said Margaret wasn't home. Then I got the dumb idea that started everything.

Have some more chocolates? Help yourself. As I said, I got my bright idea. I looked in the front room and saw Elissa sitting tucking in her curls and looking inquiringly towards the door. "But she'll be right back," said I, smiling suddenly and affably. "Won't you come in and wait?" You know, Rick looks, and dresses like a gentleman, and it's not his family's fault he's got a shady character around here. So when I led him into the front room Elissa leaned back, tossed one arm over the back of her chair and smiled winningly. Ten minutes after the introduction Rick had forgotten all about Margaret. I went out quietly and nobody noticed me go. I discovered Mom and Dad in the hall looking in the other front room door, and I heard Mom whispering, "I know, dear, but he's probably Elissa's friend, and we can't say anything against him." You can imagine how relieved I was, because I'd had fears of Dad's throwing Rick out. When Meg came home later she must have accepted Rick as Elissa's friend, too, 'cause she just put up her eyebrows and didn't say anything.

Things were going along swimmingly for about two weeks and a half. When I think how swimmingly it nearly makes me weep. Dad brought Mr. Harrison home two and three times a week, and sometimes I'd meet him down the library and he'd walk home with me. I knew I didn't have anything to fear from Meg's quarter because anyone can see by the way that Williams boy hangs around here that Meg is right now out of the running. But it was Elissa's blonde wig that bothered me most. Of course my hair is naturally curly and hers isn't but I guess blonde hair with a permanent is better than reddish-brown with real curls.

Let's see, where was I? Have some more chocolates. Oh yes, I was trying to tell you how well things were going. Well, Elissa was bothering me less and less. She'd been seeing more and more of Rick, and whenever Dave comes over, that is Mr. Harrison, she was generally either out or going out. Since the Williams boy always claimed Meg, there wasn't much left for Dave to do but tuck little Jeanie under his arm and take her out. I bought myself a stunning green dress that Mom said was far too sophisticated, but if I do say so myself, it looks good on me and makes me look as old as Elissa tries to look. I knew I had to work fast because if Elissa went away with things looking as they might have—if you follow me—Dave would follow her back home, 'cause she doesn't live so very far away, and desert us entirely.

Then came the climax of the whole affair. It was Tuesday night, and Elissa was leaving Friday. At eight o'clock Dave came over looking all spruced up in a pair of new grey trousers and flaunting a new tie.

"Hello, Jeanie," says he, with a smile that Clark Gable could take lessons from.

"Hello, Dave," says I, giving my interpretation of a Pepsodent ad. It was then that I caught sight of the new trousers and the tie. I started to say, "Gee, you look swell," but changed it into something nicer because I don't treat Dave as I do Ted or the rest of the crowd.

Dave beamed all over, and settled his tie self-consciously. Then he stopped smiling and said, "Say, whose cars are those out front?" being a very out-spoken young man.

I was putting bobby pins in in front of the hall mirror, and said over my shoulder, "The blue one's Arthur Williams', and the green one's Rick Neilson's, watching in the mirror all the time. I didn't like the way he showed signs of going out and committing some mild crime, so I led him hastily into the living room.

Elissa looked up, smiled when he came in and said, "Oh hello, Dave." Then she and Meg got up and started for the door.

"You'll have to excuse us, Dave," said Margaret, "but Arthur and Rick are taking us to the show, and it's getting late." Then she added, "Why don't you come along?"

I waited palpitatingly. Dave showed himself the good sport he was. "Good idea," said he, "Run get your coat, Jeanie, and we'll all go." I overlooked the unceremonious way he invited me, and dashed upstairs to change my dress. I got down one he'd never seen before, one with a strictly feminine atmosphere, with frothy ruffles around the shoulders. I took so long with my hat that Dave was honking impatiently for me, and the others were all set to go. We must have looked funny, all three cars streaming down the street with Rick and Elissa way in the lead, because although I hate to admit it, he had by far the best car of the three.

It was a dandy show, and awfully long, because it was about twelve when we got out. It had begun to drizzle, and we all stood under an awning for a minute while Rick proposed that we go down the "Coffee Cup" for something to eat. Williams thought it was a good idea, but at the critical moment I sneezed. Margaret pounced on me.

"There," she said, "I knew you'd been coming down with a cold. You'd better get right home. It's late anyhow."

Elissa chimed in with something about Dad's liking me in early, and Dave settled it by saying that the others should go on to the "Coffee Cup" and he'd take me home. There was nothing I could do, so I just stepped on Elissa's new slipper as I went by, and apologized sweetly. Dave was as nice as he could be about it, though, and bought me a pound of penuche on the way home, most of which we demolished.

When we got home, I invited Dave in, of course he hesitated at first, but then said he'd come in and wait for the others. So I sat him down in the front room and Mom talked to him while I went up and powdered my nose and smoothed my ruffles. When I came down again Mom excused herself and explained that Jimmy had got sick eating chocolates and needed looking after. Jimmy's only sixteen and he acts like an awful kid. We, Dave and I, had a dandy time waiting for Meg and Elissa, dancing to the radio and talking about this and that. We were just getting to the point where he was going to ask me to the Grange Club dance when he heard a car drive up.

"Sounds like Neilson's car," said Dave, getting up with a look in his eye that made the Grange Club dance fade into impossibility.

"Yeah," said I, "sounds that way. They'd beaten Williams home, of course."

Conversation lagged. We waited and waited. We heard voices outside, and we could hear Elissa talking rather loudly. Then there was a long silence, followed somewhat later by the queerest noises. Dave was already seated on the very edge of the chair and I confess it was getting me pretty jumpy, too. Then I heard a decidedly queer noise, and jumping up I ran to the window and stuck my head way out in the rain.

You can imagine my horror when I saw Elissa up on the piazza roof just where her bedroom window opens out, holding something. There was a ladder up against the wall, and Rick Nielson was holding the car door open. I drew in my soaking wet head and running up to Dave I said fiercely, "Elissa's eloping with Rick Nielson!"

"My God!" said Dave, making a dash for the front door, and I knew then I might just as well have not wasted my time. I followed him, blubbering like an idiot: "It's all my fault! I introduced her—to Rick—and I knew he wasn't any good—but I didn't think—" and I went on in that silly fashion, because I really was scared.

"Yeah," growled Dave, running down the front steps, "you didn't think—!"

We ran around the corner of the house, and I could feel the soggy grass squishing underneath my good shoes. Elissa was half-way down the ladder. Suddenly I realized that I didn't know what to do now that I was out there. But Dave did. He walked right up to the ladder and said, with what he probably thought was a remarkable show of self-control, "May I help you down, Elissa?"

Elissa turned around on the ladder and said, "My goodness, Dave, you'll get terribly wet. And Jeanie! Go get your coat. Here, Dave, hold Desdemona, will you, while I get down? The poor thing was meowing dreadfully—"

Dave broke in on her with some sort of a yell. I just stood there in the pelting rain feeling ridiculously superfluous. You know, it was a pretty decent thing for Elissa to climb up on that slippery roof just for Desdemona. Dave pounced on Rick. He stuck his head in the car and yelled in Rick's face, holding the cat

in one hand, "Did you let Miss James climb up there—on that ladder, at this time of night—for that cat?"

Rick blustered something about he told her not to bother with it, and he wasn't breaking his neck for any darn cat. Elissa broke in at this point with some pleasant little remark as to the effect that the world at large would benefit by his breaking his neck. They had a verbal battle royal until Dave picked up the cat around the middle and taking Elissa by the arm led her into the house. I favored Rick with my most specially dirty look, and plodded in after them. I went up in my room and cried myself into a still soggier bundle. When Elissa came upstairs later with Meg, I heard her say that Dave was taking her to the Grange Club dance.

Well, have some more chocolates, and tell me some news while I'm getting dressed. I'm going to the Grange Club dance tonight with Ted and the crowd.

BEFORE AND AFTER

By Anne Donovan, 12-3

The last bell rang, the class quieted down and Joe bounced joyfully to his seat. He was the ordinary boy at North, neatly dressed, with a happy-go-lucky expression on his visage and an overdeveloped sense of humor.

School commenced, and likewise confusion, for Joe hunted frantically through his desk for a pencil and after chewing his nails thoughtfully, he leaned across the way to inform his erstwhile neighbor that there were "chiselers in the room, who pinched things."

Gathering his dilapidated manuals of scholastic training in his lanky arms, this specimen of manhood sauntered off to his English class. There he lackadaisically reviewed the scant knowledge of modern essays which miraculously stuck by him after one whole week-end of neglect. Mr. Knowall, a gentleman of the old school and a friend of satire, looked sardonically around at his victims. Sure enough he pounced upon the unfortunate "garçon" and proceeded to put him through the third degree. By this time Joe slowly, very slowly began to wilt about the freshly starched collar. He looked distractedly at the stolid, self-satisfied back of Jimmy and prayed for mental telegraphy. But all in vain. A grim, ironic chuckle slipped from the professor, closely followed by a sarcastic comment and Joe was aware that the class was snickering. Fifty-five minutes of this torture was endured, then once more the poor, freckle-faced, disillusioned lad tried to pass jovially through the crowded corridors to U. S. history.

After the first few minutes Joe decided "honesty is the best policy," so down banged the pencil and a very much over-practiced gesture of resignation accompanied this action. By some uncanny trick of fate the nicely combed locks of this misunderstood offspring were fast becoming one touseled mass of knots which stood up rigidly all over the head, reminding one of a haystack in the month of August.

Joe decided to work the old gag of looking ambitious in French class, but no sooner was he seated than a verbal attack of shrill French bombarded his sensitive, shell-like ears. Joe looked reproachfully at the temperamental Mademoiselle, but in vain. His name was added to the inevitable "list" to report at two-thirty because he owed time.

The next period was one of drowsy reflection and delicious daydreaming. The first fifteen minutes of the study period were spent in absorbing contest of the "tic tac toe" between the hero's left and right hand. But this proved far too strenuous and was abandoned for the more relaxing pastime of counting the freckles on his nose surface. Realizing the disastrous effect upon the eyes, Joe gave himself up to inhaling the tantalizing smell of cooking, wafting up thorugh the ventilator from the cafeteria.

Joe returned to his fifth period pleased with the world and with just the right degree of nausea, due to the diet of two eskimo pies, and hard-boiled egg sandwiches all nicely washed down with chocolate milk. True, there was a black smudge of terra firma across the noble forehead and perhaps his pants were a little abused looking from too many snowballs, but at any rate the unruly mop of hair was carefully plastered down with old reliable H^2O.

Heavens! He just remembered that George had borrowed his sneakers and the fifth period was Gym. Joe raced madly up to the third floor and desperately pleaded for a pair of rubber footwear any size from nine on.

Slam! Bang! Slam went all the locker doors as Joe very indignantly searched his pals' lockers. But finally Bill came up with a pair of, let us say "sneakers of the past." It took just two minutes for the lad to disrobe and appear for roll call all rigged out in gorgeous borrowed orange and white striped running trunks, a dingy top which might safely be described as mauve or egg shell, and the dilapidated footwear which had seen better days. The perspiration literally rolled down Joe's face as he faithfully mixed up the eskimo pies by doing a few fancy turns on the parallel bars. Could it be that he was getting soft? No! Never! At the "fini" two pals helped rush him into the locker room where they proceeded to untangle the walls and floors from the ceiling for their ailing brother.

But peace was not yet in sight, for was there not Latin last period? Dangerously Joe tried to devour Vergil while climbing the endless

stairs to the second floor. But, alas, when called on in class, he sputtered and blushed and was very softly told to seat himself and in the vernacular of the day consider himself "squelched." The left foot slowly rubbed the right leg and a murderous glint came into the childlike eyes.

When Joe reached home at four o'clock despite the weakening pangs of hunger, he made a fierce attack on the refrigerator and began to absorb nourishment as fast as it was humanly possible to do so without producing a congestion of the aesophagus. To his mother he presented this appearance:

His hair was a stringy mass of brown fringe which stood at permanent attention all over his head, and this gave the usually bland face a fierce and warlike appearance. The collar of his shirt was open and had flatly refused to stand up any longer—thus it languidly sagged around the neck. Joe's pants looked like a product of the seventh grade sewing class with just enough folds at the wrong places. He was the ordinary boy at North after a day of "work"—tired, famished, and rebellious, but always victorious!

UNCERTAIN VENTURE

By Wyllian Krause, 12-1

This is a story, which, though rather deficient in plot value, is smoothly, expressively and understandingly written. The story shows thought and purpose, and, in addition, makes interesting reading.

"Hi, Hollie!" called the Brute. Claud Hollidge was glad the fellows had stopped calling him "Freshman." "Brute" Clonder was the grid captain, the one who was responsible for the accounts of how "Landon High overwhelmed Milder Prep, smothered C. H. S., and had a walkaway in the tilt with Every High School." Claud had known him only five months, having for the past three years associated only with the "intellectuals." He regarded his education with the utmost seriousness, and was generally the ideal student. Now, entering his last year at Landon, he saw his position in a different light. As a senior he observed certain obligations which were not evident before. He was a stranger to the social and athletic life of Landon from preference, but decided to line up with his fellow classmen in the interests of the Alma Mater. In short, he would create an illusion.

Thus the end of the season brought him an "L" and the inevitable gold replica. In addition to the points which he had scored he had won the recognition of "the fellows." Here was their spokesman coming to the point in his usual abrupt manner:

"You played a grand game this season, and we'd like to know why you hibernated for three years! Don't tell us you weren't interested in athletics, because a born athlete just doesn't say that and mean it. What were you really doing all that time?"

"As a matter of fact, Brute, my studies—"

"Sure, Hollie. We all know you've been shut up like a clam with those tomes, and that you'll probably save us all from the valedictory, but the school would appreciate you as its social leader, too. First, we want you to handle the sports in a paper we're starting. You will cover all the games, and run a page in the 'Chatterbox'. Of course you'll have help and plenty of time outside for chem and law. How about it?"

"Thanks, Brute; it sounds great! I'll have a chance to apply what I get in journalism, and enjoy it as well. Tell me about this paper."

"The Chatterbox" became the representative of the students at Landon, and Hollie became the star reporter. He learned to take the viewpoint of each type of reader, and wrote his stories to satisfy each. "Hollie" was the equal to them. Them are dusty, little soft signature at the end of the most amusing stories, the most skillful character sketches, the most commanding cases, cases that never failed to bring satisfactory action from the council. Hollie reached the point of popularity where he was in danger of seeing Landon not as something to instill awe as he had seen it in his freshman year, but as a foreign minister might see it. Strangely enough he kept his feet on the floors of Landon's corridors even when he ate the cake which would seem to make his head "emerge from the chimney."

The faculty may have wondered how Claud Hollidge could produce such vivid accounts of how the explosion occurred in the lab before the exam, and of how "the prof" located his camel hair coat and mahogany cane in the possession of "Mr. Bones." The explanation might have been simpler had the authorities remembered that chemistry and biology were in the curriculum of the "Chatterbox" staff.

Claud learned that "there are cabbages and kings," and decided that for three years he had been a Brussels Sprout. Behind the illusion, however, there was the student Claud, the real Claud. In the seclusion of his room, in the sympathetic rays of a reading lamp, he was a student of psychology, a research worker. His findings were a part of the theses and classes of a detached life, but they would not be discontinued. There was a goal.

* * * *

January and mid-year exams. On the 22nd Claud wrote for three hours on the principles of law. Afterward he met Clonder outside.

"How are you, Brute? Did you throw that one?"

"Sure thing, Hollie! I want to be in the spring practice. Any more exams today?"

"No, two tomorrow. Let's have lunch if you're free."

"O. K. There's a special spaghetti luncheon today, and I've always wanted to master at least one art!"

Feeling rather jovial at his near success in "handling" the elusive edible, Brute startled Claud by demanding: "Who is going to be your partner at the masquerade? It's THE affair before graduation, you know."

"Well, I haven't thought about it. Besides, what would I wear for a costume? I suppose you'd want me to go as Pierrot!"

"Go as Father Time if you like, but on second thought you'd better not; they might think you were a ghost! Think it over, anyway."

To Claud's great surprise, Lilyan Bronn consented to go with him. She wouldn't have told a soul that she had dodged six other prospective escorts in order to lay her bets on him for a grand evening. Claud had come to the front like a dark horse, and the knight and his lady rode off to the ball.

The conquest was mutual, but it was part of the illusion. There was a goal.

Claud sailed through the finals and began his last month at Landon. "The Chatterbox" became a part of the annals of the institution, and thoughts became more serious. There was that in the almost reverent atmosphere which made humor an alien. A common bond of understanding existed among the students which had for four years been dormant.

The class became alumni, and only the reception remained.

Claud and Lilyan led the grand march. There were introductions, congratulations, dancing, strained greetings, eloquent partings, noise, silence. The illusion was complete. Claud Hollidge closed his eyes.

ATTICS

By Hazel Borne, 12-1

There used to be an attic in every house, filled with relics of ages past and times forgotten. The things too precious, too loved, to be discarded, but too old for use, of generations back, found their lasting home there. Grandmother's chair, with the old lace tidy great-grandmother had crocheted still gracing the red plush back, the sea trunk that great-uncle had crossed the ocean with, and the little blue chair that John had long outgrown, all came eventually to that haven of the past. The attic was never dustless. To wipe the soft grey dust from the cracked face of cousin Ernest was as unthinkable as to wipe the paint from the china vase and leave it white and characterless. The dust was symbolic of the past, and therefore should be reverenced. A flurry of spring housecleaning might sometime reach the attic, but it was momentary, and the ancient attic inhabitants would resume their peaceful contemplation of the past, and their gentle covering against the passing time would thicken once again. The attic was the children's magic room on rainy days, with countless opportunities for new and exciting games. Mother would sometimes come up the narrow stairs after the children had been put to bed, and weep a little over John's blue chair and baby shoes. Father sneaked up now and then, and looked at his old fishing-rod, or picked up his old split baseball bat and swing it, watching his swing in a cracked mirror. The attic held an unobtrusive but important place in the family life, and a lasting place in the family heart.

Even today there are not many girls who have not once paraded over the rough boards in somebody's attic, in a great show hat with feather plumes upon it, and long rustling skirts that brushed the dusty floor and hindered their feet. The heavy trunk with the broken lock that held all the old clothes was a source of constant amusement. In the attic's dim light the old silks shone lustrously, and the round beads glimmered like priceless pearls. The faded brocades took on a new color; the velvets woke and shone again. There was always mystery and charm in pulling out undiscovered boxes and raising their dust-laden lids, and there was always the possibility of finding a yellowed diary, a faded lacy valentine, or a carved ivory fan. The attic was a little girl's wonderbox, "Permanent Possibility."

Boys have not scorned attics either. Two or three chairs, the high-backed one with the pushed-through straw seat, the one with the red-plush covered arms, and the big rocker—were a train for the very little ones. There was great-grandad's sword on rusty hooks in the corner, and that with a curtain rod from the stack behind the trunk, provided implements for a bloody duel. The attic was a place where hard little boots could stamp and fly around doing no harm on days when the steady drizzle of the rain kept them in doors. And the stories grandad could tell in the evening after supper about the dusty curiosities they would bring down. Many a boy's introduction to "Kidnapped" or "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," has been a stiff volume found in the attic where his wandering feet had led him in search of something to do.

And attic windows. Without doubt, there is no window elsewhere in the house quite like or heaps of grey dust in the corners, with perhaps a silvery spider's web festooned across one corner. On sunny days the yellow rays enter the small panes and make dusty yellow ladders to the floor, where they paint yellow panes on the boards. As the windows are not often open, the musty smell of the past is preserved, a smell

which forms as vital a part of the attic as the old trunk or the mouse-grey dust.

But we have grown too modern and sophisticated for attics now. The newer homes have "attic space," they are required to by law. But they haven't attics. If they have, they are large, heated, fitted with ping-pong or billiards, as are the cellars. Generally there are not even floors, just the rafters, and the attics are reached by a small square hole, through which one must pull oneself up. The entrances are even camoflauged, as if the house was ashamed to admit the presence of such an antiquated thing. The only things in them are empty boxes, perhaps a broken chair, but nothing of the charm and mystery of a real attic. Fancy great-granddad's sword, or grandmother's chair in the uppermost part—I scorn to call it "attic"—of an ultra-modern house whose interior is done in white and gold, cream and black, with low red leather chairs with carved arms. Your juvenile inmate of the house is at the movies on rainy afternoons, and your very modern male youngster is impatient of his granddad's stories.

Pray do not misunderstand me. I am no advocate of the "good old days," nor am I a propagandist against our modern age. Far from it. I would hastily and with great vehemence, decline an invitation to live in any other age but the present one. I merely speak of attics as one speaks of a dead or dying friend, idealistically, and with much reference to his good points, and sublime indifference to his bad, if he has any. I speak of them also as one does of an interesting and beautiful animal that is rapidly becoming extinct. Attics have no place in our ultra-modern dwellings. I do not regret the appearance of such houses; I merely regret the passing of attics, with the dust and mellowness of years upon them, as one of the few things belonging to the past, whose passing deserves regret.

A TRIBUTE TO BYRD

Betty Wallace, 11-2

So much has been written concerning Commander Byrd that it is difficult to achieve originality; consequently, this apostrophe to the land of ice is an excellent idea and gives life to the poem. The rhyme and rhythm are good. Honorable Mention.

Oh, limitless space of polar snows,
Where icy cliffs and bays
Portray your rugged beauty
In many wondrous ways,
And where dark winter's perpetual cold
Fills your long and sunless days,
You are not abstruse to man.
Soon all the world will know
The secrets of your great wilderness,
Oh, land of ice and snow,
And by one man's patient courage
Will in strength and knowledge grow.

LOSS AND GAIN

By Priscilla Wallace, 11-8

The poem is based upon a mature idea which is carried through logically to a climatic ending. The balance of the title is manifest in the second and last stanzas, and again in the personification of day and night in the second and third stanzes. Words have been carefully chosen that give the effect of a musical whole. Free verse is difficult, but a certain rhyme has been maintained well. The effect of the poem is one of well-rounded completeness. Honorable Mention.

Though thou art dead,
Still art thou beautiful,
Thou couldst not bear to see
Anything save beauty.
And morning comes again.
From peaceful reverie
The world awakes
To life anew.
The newborn day stands
Hushed and trembling.
The day its cloak unfolds,
And sublimely grows.
Its mysteries,
Verdant and radiant and
Yet unknown, reveals.
Adding to the chain of eternity an
Immortal link of solemn splendor.
The sunshine softly fades away;
The shadows deepen
Into night.
Through the stillness
The blackness of the sky
Reflects the shining stars.
Day gently folds about its cloak again
To sleep.
The glories of this day and night
Have filled my soul with longing.
I would that thou wert here
Beside me.
But thou art there
Beside Him.
And seest a day and night
More beautiful than this.

THE EVOLUTION OF PERCY

By Donald Shepheard, 9-2

A fair amount of vividness and probability, and its ability through its situations to arouse a feeling of sympathy and admiration for the chief character won first prize for "The Evolution of Percy." The author of this story, more than in any other material submitted by ninth graders, has the underlying plan of his narrative so arranged as to arouse the reader's curiosity as to the outcome and thereby is able to hold the reader in a fair degree of suspense until near the end. Moreover, the character portrayal is lifelike enough to be interesting, and the setting though sketchy does, nevertheless, supply a social environment that determines the action of the story. The few bits of dialogue, too, are politely realistic. The judges hope to see more literary efforts of this promising author.

Percival Ronald Vandedonk was the son of Reginald Vandedonk, a Boston architect. The Vandedonks were a good old Boston family. The architectural firm, of which Mr. Vandedonk was the head, had been founded by his great-grandfather. It had been built into a fine firm.

At the time this story begins, Percival had just graduated from Harvard. It was Mr.

Vandedonk's desire that Percy should enter the firm. But it was not to be. After reading many books on the subject, Percy had decided to go to sea. His highly refined mother was horror-stricken. She would not have her son work among those vulgar sailors! Humpfh! Percy was a Vandedonk! But Mr. Vandedonk thought differently, although it must be admitted he was sorely disappointed. He knew his son was not as strong and healthy as a boy of his age should be. He thought the experience would be worthwhile. So it was not without qualms that Mrs. Vandedonk finally consented after much persuasion from Mr. Vandedonk, to Percy's going to sea.

Mr. Vandedonk was able to get Percy a job on a ship of a friend of his. Percy shipped before the mast as apprentice. On the sailing date Percy was rigged out in his best togs. This was his mother's wish. She had said, "You will show those common sailors that you are a Vandedonk!" Percy was escorted to the ship in their finest carriage. As the carriage drew up at the wharf Percy feasted his eyes on the ship. She was the "Nancy Lee," one of the first clippers. If Percy could have seen what lay ahead of him, he probably would have rushed home as fast as he could. His two trunks and five bags were carried aboard by some of the crew who were loitering nearby. As Percy stood talking on the deck by his baggage the mate came up to him and said, "Your ticket, sir?"

"I'm shipping as apprentice, my good man," answered Percy, "I say, could you show me my quarters?"

"What?" bellowed the mate, "Well listen here, youngster! You get those trunks and bags off this ship right away. There's no room for them things in the fo'c'stle!"

After a long talk and, perhaps, who knows, a little monetary persuasion, room was found in the hold for the trunks, and the bags were taken into the forecastle. Percy spread his bags out on two bunks and went out on deck with a lump in his throat to bid his parents farewell. His mother's last admonishment was to "be sure and don't get your feet wet."

At eight bells of the second dog-watch the anchor was weighed. The capstain was turned to the tune of:

Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
  OH, AWAY TO RIO
Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
  OH, AWAY TO RIO
  OH, AWAY TO RIO
Oh, fare you well, my bonny young girl
  We are bound to the Rio Grande.

Percy had been assigned to the port watch under Chief Officer McGuiness. The starboard watch had the first watch at sea. When Percy went below he found another fellow taking his bags off one of the two bunks Percy had appropriated. He rushed up to him and said, "See here, my good fellow, you can't do that."

"Can't I?" retorted the other. "Well I am. This is my bunk."

And then the fight started. It was short and decisive. Percy was soon on the floor with a black eye, a bloody nose, and loss of consciousness. A bucket of sea water was dashed in his face and he was laid in his bunk to brood.

By the time the port watch went on duty Percy was completely sea sick. He lay in his bunk, except when he dashed to the rail or a porthole in complete misery. On the third day the boatswain came to Percy and said, "Stop your soldiering and show a leg there."

"I can't," feebly answered Percy with a moan.

"Cut it out, kid, and get up," replied the boatswain, "of all the lubbers I've ever seen you beat them all."

"Oh, you can't make me do this," cried Percy, "It'll kill me. You'll have the blood of an innocent lad on your hands."

"Shut up and get up, you blasted sea-lawyer, you!" roared the boatswain. "Get Slush to give you a hot cup of coffee and you'll be jake."

So Percy got up and resumed his duties.

Nothing of any import happened until a month had passed. Then came the consigning of the dead horse to the deep. When the sailors signed on they received a month's wages in advance. As these were spent before the ship sailed, the first month at sea was without wages. This was called "working off the dead horse," At the end of the month discipline was relaxed for a few hours. An effigy of a horse made of canvas and straw, after being dragged about the deck, was set on fire and hoisted to the main yardarm during the singing of this chanty:

They say my horse is dead and gone,
  AND THEY SAY SO, AND THEY HOPE SO.
They say my horse is dead and gone,
  OH, POOR OLD MAN!
I'll hoist him to the main yardarm,
  AND THEY SAY SO, AND THEY HOPE SO.
I'll hoist him to the main yardarm,
  OH, POOR OLD MAN!

At the last word of the chanty the effigy was dropped into the sea. At this point the mate ordered all hands aft to "splice the mainbrace" with a glass of grog.

Two days later the barometer began to fall. The captain paced the quarter deck with a worried look on his face. That night Percy was rudely awakened by the shout, "All hands on deck!" He rushed on deck to find the ship pitching and reeling and tossing in the clutch of mountainous waves. With a gasp of horror he dashed below decks.

All that night and the next day the angry elements whipped and tossed the helpless ship! The ship was but a mere speck in the hand of

a giant. She zoomed, zoomed to the crest of giant waves and then plunged down, down, down as if she would never stop into the trough of the waves. The crew pumped frantically while the enraged elements battered the struggling ship! The wind shrieked through the rigging, the powerful waves smashed against the sides of the poor ship. The decks were flooded; it was all a man could do to keep from being washed overboard, and the water rushed out through the scuppers with an ominous hissing sound.

Towards evening of the next day the defeated elements retreated leaving the storm-tossed ship victorious! Though battered she had weathered the storm like the noble thing she was! As Percy was dragged from under his bunk by his angry ship-mates he kept muttering "Lord save me! Lord save me!" As it began to dawn on his frightened mind that the storm had abated he whimpered, "Is it all over?" It was pretty near over, but the seas were still high which necessitated deep-sea and body-and-soul lashings on the oilskins which the men were still wearing.

On the thirty-fifth day out from New York a gullie perched on a yardarm and on the thirty-sixth day land was sighted. The "Nancy Lee" passed Gravesend at noon of the same day. She was forced to drop the mud-hook until flood tide when she was towed to the London Docks by a tug.

There she was made fast and the port watch were allowed to go ashore. Percy was invited to see London with some of the watch. All Percy saw of London on that trip was a cheap waterfront pub. When his comrades ordered their glasses of grog Percy ordered ginger pop. One of the sailors gave the bartender a wink with a world of meaning behind it. After a few doctored drinks of the ginger-pop, Percy, who had never tasted a drop of liquor before in his life, passed out. His comrades after their spree carried Percy back to the ship and placed him in his bunk where he remained for the rest of the week.

At the end of the week an English lad, Johnny Squires, also serving as apprentice on the "Nancy Lee," invited Percy to his home in the country. He had received furlough for the rest of the time in port. This was the same lad that had defeated Percy. He fought Percy to try and take him off his high horse. Wonder of wonders, Percy had accepted.

They left London the next day on the stage coach. They reached the Blue Boys Inn, Minchin Hampton, that evening. Johnny's home was in a little white cottage with his mother and father, sister and brother. Percy was received open-heartedly. He spent the rest of his shore leave there and was happy every moment.

Two months after docking the "Nancy Lee" sailed for China with a varied cargo. Once there she would pick up a cargo of tea for the States. Johnny Squires was not with her this sailing. Except for a narrow escape from a typhoon in the China Sea, which the captain managed to steer clear of, and the crossing of the Line, the passage was uneventful. When a ship crosses the Line (meaning the equator) the members of the crew who have never crossed before are initiated by King Neptune. A cry comes from somewhere forward: "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

"Who hails us?" bellows the captain.

"Father Neptune," answers one of the men.

Then comes Neptune, his wife Amphitrite and his henchmen carrying a tub which will be filled with water. Before the crew gathered in the waist Neptune halts and says: "You have greenhands aboard this ship who have never been shaved or baptized by Neptune; so let them stand forth."

The candidates are seated on wooden tubs and the ancient ceremony is gone through Each one is asked his name and as he answers a dirty swab covered with soap-suds and grease is stuck in his mouth and freely applied to his face. Then comes the shaving with a queer razor. After this the greenhand is turned over backwards into a tub of sea-water from which he emerges no longer a greenhand. He has crossed the Line and may now call himself a deep-water sailor. There were only two greenhands aboard the "Nancy Lee," Percy and another apprentice. Poor Percy received the worst of it. The men had expected him to whimper and complain, but a queer change had come over him by this time.

The ship was tied up at Hong Kong for a month. Finally she sailed with her cargo of tea.

Just having passed Australia Percy fell into luck. The "Nancy Lee" had stopped at the Coco Islands for water because her main water tank had sprung a leak. The second mate and some of the best men had become angry at the captain. Consequently they had deserted just before the ship had sailed. Percy, therefore, was the only man in the remainder of the crew who could navigate besides the captain and the first mate. He had come in through the cabin window, whereas the other men had come in through the hawse hole. Therefore Percy was appointed second mate, having improved a great deal all around.

Shortly after leaving the islands they hit the Roaring Forties and ran her easting down to the Horn. All went well until they started to round Cape Stiff. Then they hit the Cape Stiff greybeards. Also while rounding the Horn they were caught in a thunderstorm. The St. Elmo's fires played brightly about the masts. One of the old salts remarked, "Them thar St. Elmo's fires 'ud make a fine beacon for the Flying Dutchman!"

The rest of the passage was uneventful. On arriving home Percy was greatly cheered to

find his parents anxiously awaiting his arrival. His mother rushed up to him crying, "Percival, my Percival!" His father simply wrung his hand, which Percy returned with a grip of iron, and beamed. When Percy reached home he found a new brother awaiting him.

Needless to say Percy went to sea again soon, and in time became one of the finest captains of one of the famous clippers. His brother, Reginald, Jr., was left to carry on the name of Vandedonk in the architectural world which he did and did well.

FROM "IVANHOE"

By Kathryn Fontaine, 9-1

Although the meter is a bit forced, this poem deserves honorable mention because it is a natural and sincere expression of feeling on the part of the author.

LADY ROWENA:
Her lovely hands were exquisitely fair,
Brown and flaxen was her hair;
Eyes as clear as a sky of blue,
Tall her form and graceful, too.
Vivid features, splendid health,
Rich in beauty, and in wealth.
Haughty and proud as a princess was she;
Was loved by Ivanhoe her husband-to-be.

PRINCE JOHN:
"A cunning coward," describes Prince John.
Cedric and the Saxons he did scorn.
Constantly plotting to get the throne,
And reign over a kingdom of his own.
He tried to get money from Isaac, the Jew,
And win the support of the common folk, too.
But when the return of Richard was known,
His false friends and army had flown.

WAMBA:
Silly and funny he may be,
But a lot keener than some folks can see.
Dressed in a comical suit and hat,
Beside Cedric, his master, he always sat.
Never a coward but sometimes afraid,
He saved his master during the Torquilstone raid.
To Gurth, he was a faithful friend,
And helped the serf till the very end.

REBECCA:
Her nose well formed, her teeth like pearls,
Her tresses were arranged in twisted curls;
Her complexion was dark, her eyes were brown.
She dressed in sort of an Eastern gown.
She was loved by Bois Guilbert, a hard-hearted knight.
Noted as victor of many a fight.
At Templestowe, she awaited her fate,
But was saved by Ivanhoe, Rowena's mate.

GURTH:
He wore suit and sandals of tanned skin,
The fur in patches, it was worn so thin.
He wore no covering on his head,
And his hair was scorched a rusty red.
To Cedric, his master, he was loyal.
To tend hogs and pigs was his daily toil.
At the end by Cedric was made a free man,
And his master gave him home and free land.

CEDRIC:
Cedric the Saxon, a noted man of his race.
Powerfully built as accustomed to chase.
His hair was yellow, his eyes were blue,
He had a good humor, but a temper, too.
The Lady Rowena was his ward,
Who was to marry Athelstane, a Saxon lord.
Cedric had plans and dreams of his own.
But to other people they were never known.

IVANHOE:
A courageous hero, a gallant knight,
Worldly known because of fame and might.
He accompanied King Richard on a famous crusade,
And was saved by the king in the Torquilstone raid.
He challenged Bois Guilbert in Cedric's home,
Disguised as a palmer, so he would not be known.
He was, at the end, to be Cedric's heir,
And married Rowena, who was charming and fair.

A SCENE FROM A BAZAAR

(From my trip to Greece)

By Vlasios P. Georgian, 9-1

This contribution deserves honorable mention because it gives to the reader pleasure in a simple ordinary scene of daily life of north central Greece.

Among the rugged hills of north central Greece in the region about Volo there is a certain bazaar on the outskirts of a little town of peasants. The meager population is composed of rustics busy at their hard daily tasks, invariably agricultural. But with all their grief and weariness and days of hardships there is always a time and a chance to enjoy the customary celebrations throughout the year according to precedents set at earlier dates.

So it was thus that this day the little bazaar was to undertake another in the list of celebrations upheld by the sectional spirit with incomparable interest. The gleeful air had swept around the homes and through other adjacent villages combining many families in both to make merry, dance, joke, and feast in the evening of the holiday, or to ramble about the adjoining groves and to attend the little country church on the hillside.

There seemed to be a general bustle throughout the town and careful preparations were taking place as well as the actual fixing of the bazaar to accommodate the festivities. The little church was also making ready for the crowd to throng, and regarding personal preparations it is needless to write of the important work which the feminine sex almost always manages with success.

The hours of the day were ticked away, and the heat of the midsummer grew less as the evening shades closed in. Laborers abandoned their plows and were making their way homeward in a slow and tired manner. A light, refreshing supper had occupied their attentions, and after the necessary changes in clothing were made each family and group went forth toward the bazaar, stepping along at a slow and lazy gait.

The stone paved bazaar was approximately sixty feet in width and twice that in length, shaded by the leafy trees, producing a languid atmosphere. The coffee shops about furnished sidewalk cafés, with the remaining space given over to the merchants, who had arranged splendid arrays of their wares. Shyster pedlars could be heard inviting the attention of

those about; their cries mingled with the babbled voices of the people produced a confusing volume of noise, drowning the more pleasing murmur of the little brook winding its way through the darkened groves. The whole setting rested on a kind of low precipice overlooking the country side. Occasionally the shrill notes of the quickly moving music for the country dances could be heard as the dancers circled about. Entertainments were staged on elevated platforms lighted by lanterns or oil lamps; the light lost from these reflecting on the bystanders showed a wide selection of physiognomies. Cheers broke out from the crowd as the affair was now in full swing.

In this fashion the little bazaar went far into the night, till, at last, fatigue brought departure. Gradually the crowd dispersed, moving slowly in all directions, with many a head dizzy from joy or liquor. As the last traces of laughter faded into the cool nocturnal atmosphere, the tiny brook once again broke the stillness of the mountain silence — and once more all was at an end.

THE THREE BEARS

By J. Douglas Vedoe, 9-1

On the Ziegler Polar Expedition of 1903-'05 were two young Swedes, John and Anton Westerberg. John was the youngest man on the expedition. The two had many exciting and amusing experiences. Among these was the time when John shot a bear that Anton had already killed. Of course this sounds impossible, but anything is possible in the North.

The ship lay in winter quarters in Teplitz Bay, Franz Josef Land (now called Fritjof Nansen Land). Surrounding the Bay was a large glacier. Anton accompanied by a few dogs headed out for the glacier one day. When he reached the top, he sat for a while admiring the scenery. The dogs presently discovered a female bear and two cubs on the ice. Anton put on his skiis and took a long glide to the ice. The cubs were under the bear and every time the dogs attacked the cubs would run out and chase them.

While this was happening Anton came up from behind a hummock and waited until the dogs were out of the way. His first bullet was deflected by a piece of ice. He had better luck with his second, and killed a cub. With his third and last shot he wounded the bear. Not daring to stay much longer with the wounded bear he headed back to the "America" for sledges and men.

The wind had blown the snow into waves which made it very hard to handle the skis. Consequently Anton's skiis crossed and he was thrown. His gun flying over his shoulder hit his nose and left a big gash. Though bleeding profusely he reached the ship.

With his wound bound, and accompanied by men Anton started for the bears. Along the way they met John who had also shot a bear. They took him along to get his bear. When they came to the scene of Anton's fight, John claimed that that was the place where he had killed his bear!

Let us go back a bit and start with John. A little while after Anton had left, John went on a trip. He circumnavigated the glacier and came to the scene of the fight between Anton and the bear. The bear that Anton thought he had wounded, he had, mortally so. When John came, the bear was dead. She was lying down with one cub beside her and another frisking around. This looked so lifelike that John took a shot at her, and thought he killed her. When the puzzle was put together, John was laughed at for many a day.

A pathetic scene was presented before the day was over. You will remember only one cub was killed. Anton tried to catch the other, but had a very hard job of it. The cub would evade every move made in his direction. Finally it ran up to a hummock and started to rub its back against it. Anton came up from behind, put the muzzle of his rifle to the back of the cub's neck, and fired. Thus ends the tale of The Three Bears.

DIARY OF RAGS, A LOVESICK DOG

By James E. Hawco, 9-1

February 27—Fritzy said no.

February 28—I was introduced to the most beautiful creature. Her name is Snoots.

March 1—Went out to play in the snow. Met that new girl Snoots. Haven't proposed yet.

March 2.—Prepared my proposal. I think I will bring home the bacon. Pardon me: I mean Snoots.

March 4—Met Snoots. Became very much embarrassed and didn't say anything.

March 5—Received a book called, "How to Make Love," by Paul Bowser. Changed the words of my proposal. I am glad I delayed it.

March 7—Met Fangs. Had a fine time together. Invited him into the house. We chewed up everything I had missed.

March 9—Oh, such a life! Went to Snoot's house to propose. Whom should I meet coming out but Fangs all dressed up! Went into the house and started to propose to Snoots. I was halfway through when she interrupted, saying, "I can't marry you, I have just accepted Fangs!"

March 10—My sorrow is incurable.

March 11—Met a new girl called Cuddles. Better luck this time! My theme song is "Off with the old, on with the new!"

THE RACE

By Robert H. Smith, 9-4

This story is well written and the incidents related hold the reader's interest. It should be of special interest to the boat race fans.

On July 4, the Red Harbor yacht club would hold its annual sailboat race for boats under eighteen feet in length. The race was to be held in Basset's Bay, which was about five miles long and two miles wide. The course was almost ten miles long and plainly marked with three red buoys.

My boat, the "Eleanor," was a seventeen foot clinker built sloop with great breadth of beam and very seaworthy. Captain Butts had built her two years ago, and he certainly knew how to build boats. He had been building them all his life and never used a blue print or other helps but, nevertheless, his boats were among the best on Cape Cod.

Bob, who is my cousin, and I, planned to sail her, and our motto is: "When the belly of the mainsail dips in the water it's time to reef." We had thoroughly familiarized ourselves with the course and believed that with the speed which the "Eleanor" possessed and our knowledge of the bay we stood a good chance of winning.

The day of the race was dark and storm clouds scudded by overhead. A strong steady south-west wind stirred up whitecaps on the bay.

The race was scheduled for one-thirty o'clock and at one o'clock Bob and I rowed out to the "Eleanor." As we were hoisting the sails, I saw Ben Moccasin's friendship sloop cross the entrance to our cove headed for the yacht club. I knew he would be a worthy rival because his boat was especially designed for heavy weather and he knew the sailing game from A to Z.

About thirty boats were at the yacht club. Bill Conner's "Highflyer" was particularly outstanding with her tall racing rig but she was not the boat for a rough sea. The "Cynthia" owned and sailed by John LaRhette would give a good account of herself; and Gifford Lad's "Royal Flush" was sure of a place among the first if nothing happened to her.

After jockeying our boats into position, we waited impatiently while Mr. Dorn read off the rules and regulations. When he had finished, he consulted his watch and drew out a small pistol.

Bang! The race was on. As Bob hauled in on the mainsheet, I jammed down the tiller and put the "Eleanor" onto the starboard tack heading her for Pain's Pebble. Bob trimmed the sails as flat as possible and we gathered headway rapidly. About ten feet to the leeward and even with us was the "Cynthia." She had a good start also and was sailing smoothly and easily. The wind was blowing harder now and several crews were reefing their mainsails. The "Cynthia" was in the lead at the first buoy but John swung her around too sharply and she lost headway. Quickly we shot into the lead. We were on the port tack now, heeling over until the "Eleanor's" red underbody was plainly seen. I climbed up to the windward side and Bob joined me as soon as he had finished tightening the starboard mast stays. I did not luff when an extra heavy puff of wind struck us because we needed every foot we could gain.

A boat from Patuwissitt had fouled Ben Moccasin's sloop at the turn and broken the bowsprit off short. It was hard luck for Ben, but he was a good sport and was probably planning on winning next year's race.

We were in the lead with the "Cynthia" and the "Royal Flush" about twenty-five feet behind. Approximately half way to the second buoy, Bob gave me the signal and we came about onto the starboard tack again. The wind grew more puffy and several times we took in water over the leeside. It was Bob's duty to pump this out as quickly as he could because it made the boat logy and hard to handle. I would have to be very careful coming about around the second buoy because of the sharp turn there. As we passed the buoy, I swung on the mainsheet, I jammed down the tiller and her head into the wind and Bob hauled in on the mainsheet. Then, as I eased her to port, Bob gave the boom a push to leeward. The sail filled rapidly, and the "Eleanor" heeled over shipping about a barrel of water before we righted her. Then, with the wind on her beam, I steered for the third buoy.

At the critical moment, when Bill Conners was bringing the "Royal Flush" about, the mainsheet jammed in a block; and at the instant the wind hit her she capsized. Instantly, the officials' motor boat went to the rescue and picked up her crew. They towed the "Royal Flush" to the sandbar off Pain's Beach and put her crew off on the beach. At low tide she would be high and dry and the crew would be able to bail her out and prepare her for launching on the next tide.

The "Cynthia," which sailed best in the wind on her beam, caught up with us and as we rounded the third buoy and headed down the home stretch she was only a foot behind. With the wind astern and blowing a half gale both boats seemed to fly. Both of us hoisted spinnakers which almost doubled our sail spread and sailing wing on wing hardly needed to use our rudders.

Bob and I sat back as far as we could to balance the boat and hoped that the mast wouldn't break. There was a good four miles to go and the "Eleanor" was scarcely a foot ahead. We went along this way, first one boat

ahead by inches and then the other, until about a hundred yards from the finish. Suddenly there was a loud snap followed by a great flapping. Instinctively I looked up at my sails, but they were all intact.

"The 'Cynthia! the 'Cynthia'!" shouted Bob. "Her spinnakers carried away."

I looked up, and sure enough, one of the spinnaker sheets had torn from its gasket and the spinnaker was flapping wildly in the wind. Ten seconds later we crossed the line victors.

The silver cup was ours!

SURPRISE

By Barbara Munro, 8-8

This narrative was, in the opinion of the judges, the best entry made in the contest by pupils of the eighth grade. Reasons: (1) the pupil was wise in selecting an incident natural to his own environment, rather than one which was entirely foreign to his own experience or observation; (2) the action moves quickly; (3) the suspense is adequately maintained; (4) the surprise ending is convincing.

For two months I had been saving all the money I could for the express purpose of buying a white fur coat to wear with my black velvet evening gown, but as yet I did not have the desired sum. I was rather discouraged until one night at exactly 8.35 my Aunt Kitty telephoned and asked to speak to mother. I listended intently to the conversation that followed:

"How are you, Kitty?" asked Mother.

"Oh! I'm feeling fine. Lucy? Why she was here a few minutes ago. Why?"

Silence—all sorts of thoughts raced through my mind. Aunt Kitty never called unless for something important. Last time she had given me a pretty lace collar. Mother was speaking again, I listened:

"What's that? Yes, it's black. It will be a surprise. Lucy has wanted one for some time. Such a lovely combination! I just know Lucy will be proud of it! Did you say it was white?"

At this I literally bounded into the air. The conversation was so promising, I rushed into my room and, arrayed in my black velvet, walked up and down managing my train most successfully. Such marvelous thoughts! What hopes!

In the midst of my rehearsal I heard my mother exclaim: "Did you say it has blue eyes?" I stopped. Fear was breaking down my air castle. I could hear the receiver click back into place. Mother was coming to tell me.

"Aunt Kitty just called. She is going to give you a white angora kitten. Isn't that nice!"

"Oh," I heard myself say.

A STORM AT SEA

By Merle Lowell, 9-1

The gallant ship sailed from the bay
Out toward the angry sea.
How dark and cheerless was that day
With trained men only three.
A gale blew up; the waves tossed high,
The ship rocked to and fro,
A storm cloud burst up in the sky
And deluged the deck below.
The storm raged wild; the men grew pale,
The craft sank low'r and low'r;
There never was a fiercer gale
As seen by men from Roure.

THE JUNIOR CARNIVAL

By Priscilla Bruce, 9-4

Listen, my children, while I relate
A tale of sparkle and cheer.
Of course you can guess just what it is—
Our carnival, the event of the year.
The time was just after seven
With fun in the assembly hall;
The entertainment was most superb,
A good time in store for all.
Jimmie McLellan was surely a hit
And "Sparky" just captured your heart;
The pupils went crazy and squealed for more,
But this was only the start.
The chorus girls were next in line;
My, but they were charming.
To think that North had fairies like these
Was really quite alarming.
Their beautiful skirts of colors bright,
Their beautiful rhythmical sway.
It certainly took our football boys
To dance that unusual way.
Then a curtain was lowered
And who should come forth but the star,
For the fame of Feurtado's dancing
Has been known both near and far.
I must not forget the singing;
You know it was quite a treat.
These boys are certainly gifted;
Their voices were wonderfully sweet.
When the show had come to an end,
The pupils were ready to dance;
You really hated to be stepped on so
But everyone took that chance.
As all good times must come to an end,
Our carnival of course did too;
It certainly was a grand affair.
I think I'm right, don't you?

SOLILOQUY BY A CAT

By Elizabeth Ogilvie, 12-2

Oh, springtime is a mystic thing
Whereof a thousand poets sing.
It is the most delightful time
To rhapsodize in song and rhyme.
To me it is the time of year
When first the little snakes appear.
The poets tell of butterflies
That flutt'ring o'er the crocus rise.
I grant that they are pretty things
With fragile bubble-tinted wings.
But, O to catch those bits of gauze
Within my eager-reaching paws!
And poets idolize spring flow'rs—
My mistress prates of them for hours.
She's talking now—so I retreat
And find them really very sweet.
But heavens! she will lose her head
To find me in the tulip bed!

S. S. York City,
c/o Reardon Smith Line,
Merthyr House, James Street,
Cardiff, Wales.

Dear Mother:

Well, I left Falmouth in Devon on this packet where she was laid up for eight months, and went to Clueta (pronounced Sueta), in Spanish Africa, and got about 1,000 tons of oil there. It is a wonderful place, and you can see people in their long white robes, and the Mohammed women with their veils. Fellows came aboard selling silk shirts and things cheap. Soap comes next to tobacco on these tramps. I learned that the next day, Sunday, there was to be a bull-fight, and from what I heard it seems that everybody in Clueta was going to be at that bull-fight; but we did not get ashore as we were there only about six hours.

The next place was Constantinople, but we lay at anchor waiting for orders. It looked like a nice place with its Moslem temples and Sultan's palace. We got orders to proceed to Novarissisk in Southern Russia on the Black Sea. The place was all cobble-stones and had no sanitary arrangements, but it is the same all over Russia.

We called at Port Said in Egypt at the entrance to the Suez Canal. Most of the things you buy there are made in England, and they can speak better English there than some of us. When coming through the Suez you have to tie up a lot, as it is very narrow, to let tankers and mail boats through. While we were tied up some of us went swimming and it was great. You can see Ali Baba on his camel in the desert, and it stretches for miles on either side. The Red Sea took the biscuit for heat—120 and 130 degrees in the shade, and over 200 in the engine room—some heat, believe me!

At Moji, Japan, we got some coal and what is called a bum boat. Nobody can beat the Japs for cheapness. I am sorry I had not the time to get a set of china. They cost anything from 10/ to two pounds there, but I had not a chance, as it was work all the time. I offered 25/ to some of the fellows on the ship for a set, but they would not sell theirs—not for any money. But maybe I will be in Japan again soon, and I will make sure that I get a set. We only stopped there for coal and bamboos, and we sailed the same day. Three days from there we arrived at Vladivostock, one of the biggest railway centers of the U. S. S. R.

The temperature there was four below zero. Winches and everything froze. We went alongside after the soldiers had searched us and had given us our passes. Every one in Russia today has a pass, and must produce it when asked, and so we had our passes as well, just slips of paper with our name and the name of the ship and an official stamp on it. If you lose it, you have to pay ten gold rubles or 30/ in our money. They have there what is called an international club, and all they talk about is a revolution that would benefit the working class in capitalist countries. It is a lot of bunkum, but I used to go there when there was no place else to go. The working class and every one else has to get his whack of black bread every four days, and doctors have been known to carry their black bread.

They work five days and have a day off every sixth, but the work still goes on as they take it in turns. They get money, but it is no use to them as I have seen them throw it away, because the government controls everything, and everybody. They told us at the club that religion is free in Russia, but they only laugh at religion. The only religion they have is Communism. I could write a book about the U. S. S. R.

The climate was awful, and if the bolsheviks of England went to Russia, they would never again preach Bolshevism. We have a stowaway, and to get out of Russia he stopped down one of the ship's holds for five days and licked the ship's side for water. He got frostbitten on the legs, and has not the use of them, and maybe never will. He risked being caught by the police, for they searched the ship, and if he had been caught he would have been shot. So you can guess what kind of a country Russia is.

The Americans don't seem to like Russia as I have read some of their comments in the "Saturday Evening Post," and the "Literary Digest," and they certainly can advertise a thing.

We left Russia after being over a month there and went to Moranor in Japan again for some coal, but we didn't get a bum boat there, so I couldn't get anything. I forgot to tell you that it took two ice-breakers to get us out of Vladivostok. The temperature was 16 below.

Now we are nearly three weeks on the Pacific, and not near San Pedro yet. She only does nine knots at the best, and the weather has not been very good. Snowstorms, hailstorms, and heavy seas are present as I am writing this. It is blowing a gale and we are about 1,700 miles from San Pedro where we will get oil and stores. I am looking forward to it as it is in California, and I want to give you my opinion of the States, but maybe we won't go alongside. We might go to Hamburg or to some port in England.

The work here is hard and you work eight hours a day, all right, and the food is not too good, Board of Trade rations, but the money is three pounds a month, and that's a consolation especially when we get paid off. At present we are short of flour, and are on sea biscuits. The potatoes got all frosted up along with the other vegetables, and you can't eat

them. It's quite a different ship to the last one.

I was put to trimming coal in the stoke hold, and I don't know what I would have done if the Arabs hadn't helped me. The heat down there was awful, but I soon got used to it and was able to fire as well as trim. We have only six Arab firemen, and I often go in to them for bread and things. I do all their English writing for them, and put down their overtime and things like that, and when I do they would not let me out if I refused their cigarettes or cigars or duff as it's part of their religion. They won't eat pork or duck and they hate sweet stuffs, but are fond of curry, and worship Allah, and fast, and wash their feet, face, and hands before and after they eat, and have mats on which they pray—lovely mats with big temples in the middle. They are a terribly religious race and it's been years and years since they left Arabia.

We got a job cleaning out the tanks while in Russia, and what a job! The oil had frozen and had to be steamed. This type of ship is terrible, and the old man and the steward make plenty of money by keeping the food from the crew. Imagine a skipper leaving port with hardly any flower and no porridge! The steaks are tough and the potatoes are frozen, and everything is on the bum. All we eat for dinner is a plateful of soup, tea and sea biscuits. We expect to arrive at San Pedro tomorrow and we were going to San Francisco for some oil as we were running low, but we got orders to go to Pedro. We will be home in two months after leaving here.

Well, I think it's nearly time I finished. I hope you are keeping well, and write as soon as you get this letter. Best of luck to all.

Your son,
Henry Cummings.

(Henry is a twin-brother of Robert Cummings of our eleventh grade.)

SOME EVENTS IN MY DIARY

By Richard Keene, 8-5

This diary deserves honorable mention because of the excellency of its vocabulary and the simple directness of its style.

April 21st, 1933.

Three of us went cycling down to South Braintree today. We started out for Devil's Rock in Holbrook going about thirteen miles out of our way making about a twenty-five mile trip altogether. The right way would have taken us only about twelve miles, so you can imagine that the twenty-five mile, one-way trip tired us and made us quite hungry. We then entered some woods there and enjoyed a refreshing lunch. The great fun we had taking pictures of each other with a tiny camera made up for the disappointment we had at not getting to the "Rock."

May 26th, 1933.

This was the night of a Camperal put on by the Boy Scouts at Merrymount. We arrived there late one Friday afternoon. When we pitched our tents we "ditched" them all around in case of rain. We next cooked our dinners over an open fire which was great fun. That night after supper we all sat around a campfire (there were about eight hundred of us), singing old songs, telling stories, and each patrol put on a little act of its own. At midnight we "turned in." The certain patrol I was encamped with, however, which was away from the main outfit on a hill, didn't get to sleep until nearly three A. M. and even then we probably wouldn't have done so only an official came up and promised to make us take a dip in the nearby bay for punishment if we didn't quiet down. We had been trying to pull a fellow Scout's tent down on top of him without very great success. The loud snickerings and bellowings during this manœuvre was what drew the official's attention. Early next morning we were obliged to get up a hour ahead of time which means that we arose at 5 o'clock so you can imagine how much sleep we got. On top of this we had to cook our breakfasts in a pouring rain which didn't help the situation in the least. For this reason, I shall not soon forget the date May 26th, 1933.

June 17th, 1933.

This was the date President Roosevelt rode through Quincy on his way to Marion to board his yacht. We Scouts were elected to help hold up the ropes to keep the crowds back. Just before he got there it began to pour and by the time the President did arrive, the crowd had dwindled considerably. I can't recall what he said and I don't believe anybody else took very much stock in his brief talk. We were all there just to glimpse this famous man. He impressed me as being very open-minded, one in whom much trust could be placed. He seemed to carry with him an invisible air of authority and security that was quite contagious. If his appearance justifies his actions, I think he will become a very famous man some day. As this is the first time I ever saw a President face to face, I shall remember the date, regardless of wet weather or other discomfitures.

July 18th, 1933.

My diary for this day records that I was at Camp Burgess on Cape Cod near Sandwich with a Y. M. C. A. outfit. The boys in my cabin went to a lake five miles away from the camp. After our long hike in the hot July sun it was great to see the water of the lake shining through the green trees near where we were to camp for the night. It wasn't long before we were splashing around and enjoying it in great fun. The evening was finished off when we built a fireplace and cooked a hot supper. Sleep, however, came late as the mosquitoes and sap drippings from the overhead pines kept us awake for quite a while.

FULL AND RUNNING OVER

By Janice McGowan, 8-1

"Jimmy! What have you got in those pockets?"

"Oh, nothing, Sis."

"Well, let me see."

Slowly, one by one, Jimmy took his treasures out of his pocket and laid them on the table.

"What's this?" his sister asked.

"Let me see," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "I think Tom gave me that last week in exchange for some jaw-breakers."

"Well, take that dead mouse out of the house this minute."

"But Sis, I want to stuff it for my collection."

"I said to throw it away. Continue emptying those pockets."

"What the heck is this? Oh, I remember; the butcher gave me that for the cat last week when I went to the store for you, and this," he said as he brought out some stale butterscotch candy, "is what I bought with the penny you gave me for running that errand. Say, I didn't knew a feller could get so many handkerchiefs in his pockets," said Jimmy as he pulled out three.

"Well, now that you've got that pocket empty, suppose we start on the next one," said his sister rather impatiently.

"Here's the top I got for John for his birthday, but I had a fight with him that day, so I kept it."

"James Robert MacIntosh, I'm ashamed of you."

"One, two three, four more handkerchiefs, and this turtle is all there is, Sis."

"Where did you get that turtle?"

"I don't know, but the boys are whistling for me. Wait a minute, here's another handkerchief in my back pocket. Good-bye!"

There he left his sister beside the table with the contents of his pockets before her: One dead mouse, a piece of meat for the cat, some stale butterscotch candy, eight handkerchiefs, a top and a turtle. She said to herself, "No matter how many pockets a boy has they'll all be full and running over."

WINNING HER REWARD

By Roslyn Mignault, 8-11

The author has produced a well-written narrative with an element of suspense that will not fail to hold the reader's attention to the end.

"Joan," called a sharp voice, "what are you doing?"

"I'm studying, Aunt Louise," Joan replied.

"Just as I thought! I should have known it. What chance have you to win that scholarship! Besides, I told you not to try for it. It only ruins your self-respect. A Parker trying for a scholarship! What do they think you are—a pauper? Come down here and wash these dishes."

Joan, meanwhile, was busily studying. Now she sighed and put her book tenderly away. She only had a few more pages to read. And didn't she have a very good chance of winning the scholarship? She descended the stairway slowly and thoughtfully.

"Hurry along, young lady," said a shrill voice in her ear, and a small, thin old lady appeared. Her hair was done up on the top of her head and her dress was very ancient in style.

"I'm going over to Mandy's for tea, and those dishes must be done when I get back, mind you!"

As Joan hurriedly washed and wiped the old-fashioned dishes, she knew nothing of the conversation taking place a few blocks away.

* * * *

"That Joan Parker has a good chance of getting that scholarship, hasn't she?"

A stout, conceited-looking girl lounging on a sofa eating chocolates, answered.

"Sure, Emily, a fairly good one. But mine is better. I'm smarter than she is. Besides, that fool aunt of hers won't let her try for it. Tomorrow comes the final test."

"Well, anyway," said Emily, "I hope you win." She looked admiringly at her chum.

* * * *

Joan had finished the dishes and was back in her room, studying furiously. She heard the front door slam. Her aunt was home. Her footsteps could be heard going into the kitchen.

"Joan, come here."

Joan quickly went down the stairs.

"Mandy says you're tryin' for that scholarship. Is that right?"

Joan's heart was in her mouth.

"Yes, Aunt Louise, it is." She swallowed hard.

"Well, I've been thinkin'. I guess you can take the test tomorrow—providin', if you win the prize, you won't go to college 'til a year afterwards."

Joan was too happy for words. She ran to her aunt and kissed her soundly.

"You dear thing," she cried, and sped upstairs to her room.

Aunt Louise smiled secretly. She was truly proud of her niece. And she would miss her a great deal if she went away. A regular Parker—especially her black curly hair and serious grey eyes.

* * * *

It was the next day. Joan had just finished the examination. Her heart was beating wildly. Not one question had she been unable to answer. Tomorrow she would know if she had passed.

The night seemed terribly long for her Finally the clock rang seven. She clumsily buttoned her dress. After gulping down her breakfast, she kissed her aunt and ran off to school.

When she arrived at school, the auditorium was overcrowded with excited boys and girls. As Joan entered, many friendly eyes were upon her, but there were two pairs of eyes that were exceedingly unfriendly. Emily and her chum Lillian were in the front row, eagerly awaiting the name of the winner.

The principal stepped on the platform. Immediately all was quiet.

"Boys and girls, I have the honor and pleasure of announcing the winner of the scholarship. I congratulate Miss Joan Parker."

Loud clapping followed this announcement. Emily and Lillian looked at each other. Their glances were astonished ones.

Joan Parker had won! They rushed blindly out of the auditorium, angrily talking.

* * * *

Joan walked home in a delirium of happiness. The door was quickly opened by her aunt. In her arms she held a pretty silk dress.

"I knew you'd win the scholarship," she said, "so I bought you this dress. The shade of green will look good on you."

Joan hugged her aunt ecstatically and flew to her bedroom to try the dress on.

WINTER'S NORTH WINDS

By Beverly Sweatt, 8-1

Winds from the north, whipping and cutting the air,
Screeching and howling, with a bitterness that's rare,
Blowing hither and thither, the leaves lying around,
Stiffening the bare trees and hardening the ground.

Cruel winds and cold winds, journeying far and fast,
Chilling all living creatures with one icy blast,
Wildly driving through the thickest of clothes,
Reddening valiant faces and numbing ears and toes.

First raging and tearing, a furious violent gale,
Whining 'round the house-tops, always that incessant wail:
Then there's a calm, not long, but welcome while it stays,
Before the wind takes up its cry and continues it for days.

Often through this tempest we fear and dread to grow,
As its cruel stinging coldness is made worse by driving snow,
Though, without winter's north winds, there would be no reason,
For the much dreaded winter, the year's coldest season.

THE MOON

By Guy Leighton, 8-6

The moon is made of yellow cheese,
And it is hung up high,
So little mice can't nibble it,
As they go running by.

THE DIARY OF A FOX TERRIOR

By Sabrena Greenwood, 7-12

The diary shows originality and understanding of dog nature. Most of the incidents are well chosen and vividly portrayed by apt phrases. First prize, grade 7.

Dec. 3, 1931.

Being a wire-haired fox terrier, I like to play a lot. Have good fun playing with my brothers and sisters. Push a hard loaf of bread (which is more like what humans call stone), around the room. Live in a big kennel where there are lots of other dogs.

Dec. 16, 1931.

Yesterday was bought by a family. The family consists of Master, Mistress and Sister. Am very sad about having to leave my brothers and sisters. Guess I'll be happy here. The family put an old cat collar on me. They also put a leather strap they called a leash on me. Don't like it a bit.

Dec. 20, 1931.

Met Jerry today. He is the same breed of dog I am, only older. Was in my kennel when he came. Jerry growled and acted jealous. Jerry liked Sister very much. That's why he was jealous. Jerry is friendly now, though.

Dec 22, 1931.

Had my first bath today, master put me in a tub of water and rubbed some white stuff on me. I licked it off. It tasted awful. Found out later it was soap. Master dried me with a towel. Wasn't satisfied, however, and raced around the house with my tail down to get dry. Master clapped his hands and urged me on.

Dec. 24, 1931.

Aunt Lucy and Grandma arrived today. Took liking to Aunt Lucy's slippers. Pulled and pulled on them until the tassels came off. Her slippers seemed to hypnotize me.

Dec. 25, 1931.

Had first Christmas. The folks gathered around a tree and opened packages called presents. Had big dinner afterwards.

Dec. 26, 1931.

Aunt Lucy and Grandma went home.

Jan. 7, 1932.

Had my first bone. It was a shin bone with some delicious marrow and meat on it. Didn't growl over it at first but do now.

Jan. 31, 1932.

Am very happy in my new home. Sister has taught me some tricks such as: sit up, shake hands, and dead dog.

April 4, 1932.

We started on trip to Washington D. C. to see Uncle Herbert and Aunt Grace. Rode in back of car with Sister and bundles. We are sleeping in a hotel at Philadelphia.

April 5, 1932.

Arrived.

April 6, 1932.

We went to the zoo in Washington. The

keeper wouldn't let me in to see the animals. Heard all sorts of queer noises.
April 7, 1932.

Got out of house and ran down the street. Became afraid and went on to the steps of what I thought was the house. Master called to me. I was too afraid to go to him. Finally he came and got me. He took me into another house which I was surprised to find was really the house we were staying at. It seems that most of the houses are a lot alike and I had mistaken one of them to be ours.
April 9, 1932.

Started for home.
April 10, 1932.

Master got ice cream cone for Sister and me. Ate my cone and tried to get Sister's. My first experience with an ice cream cone was a pleasant one. Liked cone very much.
April 11, 1932.

Reached home.
May 8, 1932.

Have learned to play a game Sister has been trying to teach me for a long time. Sister knocks a ball up the stairs. If it stays there I push it down. Had a terrible time getting ball out from under cedar chest in Sister's room. Scratched and scratched. Sister had to get it finally.
July 20, 1932.

We drove to New Hampshire. Bumpy trip. Was let off leash. Went exploring. Chased cat which turned around and chased me.
July 21, 1932.

Sister went fishing and caught pickerel and I ate part of it.
July 22, 1932.

Was romping along a road and saw a little black thing wiggle across it. Nosed it. It tickled. It was a small black snake. A harmless one, though.
July 23, 1932.

Received juicy bone. Scared little boy by growling over my bone whenever he came near. It was fun.
July 24, 1932.

Went in swimming. Very warm water. Heard how porcupines hurt dogs. Resolved not to go near them.
July 26, 1932.

Went home. It took two or three hours.
Aug. 6, 1932.

Started to Forest Lake, Pennsylvania.
Aug. 7, 1932.

Arrived there. Two houses facing the lake. Woods.
Aug. 8, 1932.

Went to other side of lake in boat. Sister rowed down shore a bit and caught a newt (small lizard). Toasted marshmallows in a big bon fire at night. Had one. Liked it although it was sweet and stuck to the top of my mouth.
Aug. 9, 1932.

Sister went butterfly hunting with not much success.
Aug. 10, 1932.

I had a new experience today. Saw skunk and chased him under house. He was cornered. I started barking. An awful smell issued from the corner. It seemed to make my voice hoarse. After awhile I withdrew.
Aug. 11, 1932.

Started home with a pail of fishy smelling newts in the back of the car. Master said I didn't smell as bad as he thought I would, after last night.
Aug. 12, 1932.

Arrived home. Am delighted to be here.

THE WELL IN THE HOLLOW

By Anna Ajemian, 7-1

Honorable mention. A comprehension of the structure and rhythm of verse is shown in these lines. They are imaginative and yet real, show attention to detail, and a feeling for words.

When Mary wants water
She goes for a turn,
Away by the hillside
Through feather and fern.
And there in a hollow
She stops with her crook,
Where water comes bubbling
Ice-cold from the brook.
Deep, deep in the hillside
The bright water springs;
Deep, deep in the darkness
It gurgles and sings.
'Till over and over
Its mossy brink
It tumbles its torrents
For Mary to drink.

THE MAKING OF AN ACE

By William Murphy, 7-12

This dramatic and adventurous incident shows good thought and development. Much promise for future literary work is evidenced. Honorable mention.

"Contact," and out of the early morning mist came the roar of the motors of six combat planes of the Lafayette Esquadrille. It was the dawn patrol.

Near one of the hangars the following conversation was taking place.

Russell, a mechanic, said, "Looks as if a couple more aces will be made when the squadron gets back."

"Yes," replied Captain Lewis, "but I think some of the boys are not going to come back."

"Sure, somebody has to be shot down every time, but Bud Hill has to get only one more Heinie."

Meanwhile the squadron was well over the front lines. All of a sudden the commander signaled the group to be ready for a fight. He had seen Von Hefferson's Circus coming for them in a direct line from the sun. It was almost impossible to see them coming. Bud

Hill failed to see the signal and at once three German Fokkers headed straight for him.

In a flash he sensed trouble and made a high loop and came down between the planes. He saw he would have to make fast work of the plane in front of him or they would make fast work of him.

All this time he saw that he was getting farther away from his squadron. He fired away. The machine gun suddenly stopped, jammed. He saw smoke trailing from the fusilage of the enemy plane. Soon it went into a nose dive and crashed into the earth.

He was an Ace. But in the moment of victory he felt a burning sensation in his arm. He felt dizzy. The plane then went into a tailspin and crashed into the earth.

Bud Hill had given his life that others might live.

MISERY

By Richard Cotter, 7-1

Rhyming is good, and a refreshing naturalness in a subject well-known to all of us makes this poem outstanding. Honorable mention.

On a cold winter's day when you want to go sliding,
But the rest of the family want to go riding.
And you know when you get home you'll have to go to bed,
It's misery to see someone start out with a sled.
When the gang wants to go for a ride on a bike,
You know, just a good old bicycle hike,
It's misery when Mother says, "You can't go today;
You'll have to find some other way to play."
And at night when you want to go to the show,
Mother says, "I'm sorry, dear, but you can't go,"
It's misery to see them start that night
As you try to stop crying with all your might.
Mother is good to me, sweet and kind,
But just the same I have to mind.
Father is good to me, all very true,
But I wish I could do what I want to do.

A SCHOOL AND SOME OF ITS PUPILS

By Patricia Morgan, 7-11

My father at the age of eleven was a janitor in a country school. His chores were to come in early every day, sweep the floor, and if it was cold, to start a fire. He also had to go to a nearby farmhouse and draw a couple of pails of water. There was an old trout that lived in this well, and sometimes he would come up with the bucket, but he was always put back, for a trout in a well is supposed to make the water pure.

My father's brother, Kenneth, and his friends often used to be there, and threatened to do all sorts of things to him if he didn't do what they wanted. This was to stuff the stove-pipes full of paper. Then naturally the next morning when the fire was started, everybody was smoked out and there was no more school that day. But Dad, as janitor, had to go up and clear the stove-pipes out, which I shouln't think would be a very pleasant job. He didn't think so either, I believe.

One of my father's schoolmates was one day put out in the shed for punishment, as was the habit. He was curious to know what was going on in the schoolroom. He climbed up on top of the school-house roof, tip-toed softly across it, got ready to peep down a hole which he knew was there, made a miss-step and his foot went through the hole and when the children and the teacher looked up to see where the noise came from, they saw a leg dangling through the roof. Everybody roared.

Of course you can imagine how many different things were put in the teacher's desk such as snakes, mice, grasshoppers and various other things. That reminds me of a time when at recess, the teacher was out with all of them. Well, you all know that the playgrounds were not covered with tar or anything like what we have nowadays, but were usually covered with grass. It happened at this time that a little green grass snake crawled over the teacher's foot. The teacher being very much afraid of snakes began to scream and dance around. Everybody was laughing so hard at her that they couldn't help her, but finally someone came and killed the snake.

Nobody knows the reason for it, but one day my Dad and a friend of his decided to do a little trapping. It was early one morning that they found a skunk in their trap. They shot the skunk first with a 22 revolver and then with a shotgun to make sure he was dead. They then started to carry the skunk home. They got it home safely, and hurried back to school. But a few minutes after they had been there, everyone, including the teacher, hurried out of the room. School was closed for the day. I am not sure whether my father and that friend of his did any more trapping after that. I guess there were some pretty bad tricks played on everybody in that country school.

At this time, near his grandpop's farm, lived a funny Phoebe bird. His grandfather asked him if he knew what it was saying, and upon asking got the answer that it was calling him lazy because he didn't do his chores. This he denied and told his grandfather that the bird was saying, "Lazy Grandpop! Lazy Grandpop! Lazy Grandpop!"

He also didn't believe his father when he said that watermelon which was growing in his yard wasn't ripe. He asked him every day if the melon wasn't ripe today. Finally he grew so impatient that he got a knife and cut it open just to find out that it was all green inside. He never cut up any more watermelons, and always minded his father after that.

One day while at school two boys, who were playing around in the school yard encountered a man. The man stopped, and, being very mischievous, gave the boys both some chewing

tobacco. The boys were delighted and felt very grown up. After getting rid of it the boys went into the school house. An hour or so passed and everything went perfectly quiet, when suddenly two boys jumped out of their seats and ran straight for the door. They were pretty sick boys I guess. They certainly got paid for doing it, as it wouldn't be very pleasant.

One day when my father had been very naughty, the teacher called him up to her desk and started to shake him. The teacher happened to be wearing a big watch which she always hung on her neck. When she was shaking him, the watch shook off and fell down and broke. She was so angry that she got out her ruler, told him to hold out his hand and lifted the ruler. At that fatal time my father snatched his hand back. This made her angrier still, but I don't know what happened to him next, although I have a very good imagination.

It was about this time that my father decided he was to be a great athlete. The first thing he started at was running. His Dad had a big barn so he made a race-track up there and ran around in circles for an hour at a time. Everyone came up and laughed at him, because there were plenty of places outdoors that he could run. All they did was tease him about that, and he's heard about it ever since.

The second thing he took up was boxing. He did this with his brother, who was stronger and heavier, and always won the fights. But one day my father got a good chance and gave him a good hard knock on the chin. Now Kenneth had a terrible temper, and he was so mad that he got up and chased Dad all around the house and everywhere else. He didn't box anymore.

The next thing was baseball. He was going to be a pitcher and then his brother decided to be a catcher. Well, Dad could only throw straight balls, and his brother laughed at him and made him mad. But one day Dad got the knack and sent a swift ball towards his brother. He expected it would come at him straight as it usually did, but instead of doing that it curved just as it got to him and hit him right in the stomach. Dad took one hasty look at his face, and ran, with Kenneth close behind him. Finally he got a chance to get in the door, so in he ran, then ducked under the ironing board, as his mother was ironing and hid behind her. Kenneth gave up in disgust, but Dad came right ahead with his pitching and joined the Braves Team.

AN UNEXPECTED ADVENTURE

Barbara Wells, 7-11

While I was swimming at Falmouth the third of July I was interrupted by my mother who said, "We'll go over to see a yacht," which was owned by a friend of my father's. When we reached the wharf I was surprised to see such a big boat. It was a fifty-eight footer. There were three in the crew, the engineer, the cook and bottlewasher and the skipper.

A very kind man showed me around the boat. There were two double beds in the aft cabin and two bunks for the crew. There was a dining room where you could fix the cushioned seats into berths. One seat made two berths so we had four of them in the dining room. There was a little kitchen with a stove and galley sink.

Very soon the man, Mr. Rice, said, "We'll all go over to Oak Bluffs." All I had on was a bathing suit and sweat-shirt. It was quite rough, but we started off. There were mattresses that we could lie on. The boat dipped its bow in the waves and sent a spray over me. It was a Monday when we left. The man had a little business to attend to. We were expected to return in a short while as it is only seven miles from Falmouth. We reached there safely. A storm was coming up so that we could not return that night. My father 'phoned mother (who was unable to come with us), and told her that we would not be back that night. There were ten guests on the boat and two had to hire a room in a hotel. The next day, which was the Fourth of July, we got up at six and the storm was still raging. Three boats were washed ashore in the harbor. We went bowling to pass the time away. We didn't have any fire crckers because the rain washed them right out.

The next day we were still unable to get back. My father asked us if we would like to go back with him on the big steamer that took passengers to and fro to different islands and resorts on the Cape. We decided we would go on the yacht. Thursday we were able to go back to Falmouth. We (the skipper, my sister and I), went to our Inn and borrowed the car to get to town. My mother invited all the people on the boat to luncheon. After luncheon Mr. Rice asked Virginia and I if we would like to finish the trip with him to Point Judith. Virginia and I were so happy we had mother go over to town and buy us some things we would need on the trip, such as white and navy blue ducks, sweat-shirts and sneaks. The boat was due to leave in a half hour.

We climbed aboard the boat and started off. It grew quite rough and a little two year old girl got sea sick, so we had to stop at New Bedford overnight. They 'phoned for their chauffeur to come down the next morning to get Mrs. Rice and her little girl and Mrs. Talcott and her daughter. The next morning at about ten he arrived in a little Ford to take those who were going home. My sister and I, of course, wanted to stay on the boat and did. The cook took us to get some things at the "five and ten" cent store. We got back at

eleven-thirty and had dinner and started for Point Judith.

It was not quite so rough as it had been. There were little boats going to and fro. We saw lots of lobster buoys. Along the shore could be seen people swimming. We docked at a little wharf and got out to look around. We saw other fishing schooners coming in carrying skate-fish. I met a girl my own age and showed her around the boat and was wishing she could have a ride on it.

Everyone in this little fishing village trusted each other, because they left their stores open while they went home for supper. We went to a fish store and bought an eight pound mackeral and ate it for supper. We had to wait for the tide to rise; soon we were on our way again. It took us fifteen minutes to get to Wakefield, R. I. On our way coming in we had to make a quick turn between poles in the channel and we could not make it, so after we reached the dock we took out the "Chris Craft" and the skipper, the chauffeur, Ginny and I went to pull up the stick we ran over. It took us quite a while, but we soon succeeded. Just as we finished a big boat came in.

I lived on the boat until Saturday. Then I went to visit the Talcott girl who had been on the boat with me, at her home at Plum Beach. I went to a dance that night and wore my Navy Blue ducks, my sweat shirt and my sneakers. I didn't dance much but I had a good time. The next day we went back to the yacht and had our choice of a lobster dinner on the boat that was docked or go on Mr. Talcotts' yacht and cook steak on shore and bring it back and eat it on the boat. Just as we finished our meal it began to rain, so we started back to the yacht. We climbed into the sixteen cylinder Cadillac that was awaiting us and started for home. We reached home safely after a grand and glorious trip on a lovely yacht.

THE ROADWAY OF LIFE

By Fred Gillies, 7-2

As I climb the roadway of life
Sometimes I feel faint with the strife.
There are smiles, there are tears
Throughout the long years.
On the roadway of life and strife
I trod through the forest of hardship
And along the rich grassy plains
While others with vigor and health
Climb on the roadway of wealth.
Up and up, I go toward the end,
And looking back, I see
A child begin to ascend
On the roadway of life and strife
Where there are smiles and tears
Throughout the long years
He trods through the forest of hardship
And along the rich grassy plains
Towards the end.
The sky grows dark; I see but one spark
I have reached the road's last mark.

SPRING

By Charles McGrath, 8-6

Trees are whispering
Signs of spring;
Robin Redbreast
His melody brings.
Brooks are babbling,
As onward they flow.
The sun is shining
Its brightest glow.
Flowers awakening
From a long sleep,
Are returning again
With fragrance sweet.
Spring is here,
Its happiness giving
Beauty and hope
To all things living.

THE ICICLES

By Robert Drohan, 7-2

So the icicles droop with sorrow
For they'll never see tomorrow,
As they're going to melt away
Before the dawn of another day.
Some are shiny, others melting,
Some are dropping, some are pelting,
Some are going to the snow
And hide themselves away below.

SNOW IN AN ALLEY

By Fred Hallowell, 7-12

Snow in an alley, so bright and clean
Spreads joy and gladness o'er all the scene.
Children are happy by the score
Where grime and misery prevailed before.
After the snow has ceased to fall
Many voices will gaily call.
Happy children run to and fro
To take advantage of the snow.
Building snow men and forts,
Engaged in all sorts of winter sports.
Dirt and rubbish cans galore
Beneath the snow are seen no more.

JOKES

Danny: "Hello Lee, are you going to use your skates tonight?"

Lee: "I'm afraid I am."

Danny: "Then you won't mind lending me your tux."

—High School at Quebec.

I say, are you Owen Carter?
I suppose so, I'm owing everybody.

—High School at Quebec.

Clint: "Kell is growing a mustache on the installment plan."

Webber: "Don't be ridiculous."

Clint: "Yes, really, a little down weekly."

—High School at Quebec.

SAFETY FIRST

A woman motorist was driving along a country road when she noticed a couple of repair men climbing telephone poles.

"Fools!" she exclaimed to her companion, "they think I never drove before."

Manet

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NORTH QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL : NORTH QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

Editorials

APRIL FOOL'S DAY

In nearly all parts of the earth there exists a day which corresponds to our April Fool's Day. It is a day consecrated to the playing of practical jokes on friends and neighbors, sending them on fool's errands, tricking them into doing ludicrous things.

Among the many stories advanced concerning the origin of this "fools' festival" is one which has been plausibly suggested by several writers that Europe derived its custom of April-fooling from the French. In France, the person fooled is known as the "poisson d'avril" which means "an April-fish"—in other words, a young fish and therefore a fish easily caught.

In Great Britain, as in France, the first of April was anciently observed as a general festival. But it was not until the end of the seventeenth century the "April fooling" became a common custom.

One year in the nineteenth century many people of prominence received an invitation to witness the "Annual Ceremony of Washing the White Lions at the White Gate." On the designated day hundreds of people perambulated in vain search of the White Gate. The instigator of this April Fool's joke was, fortunately for himself, never discovered.

We call ourselves intelligent, but just see how many iterated jokes today are played on us and we still "fall for them." How interesting it is to see an august gentleman, who is determined not to have his decorum jeopardized by being jested, insnared by some practical joke of a young whippersnapper as he would call him!

Many set out on April Fool's Day determined to evade all jokes, but they do not proceed far before a practical joke, which always effects a great hilarity among the spectators, is played upon them. How much happier we would be if we took the jokes good naturedly instead of becoming indignant and even going to the extent of uttering some blasphemies when some subtle jokes are perpetrated on us!

George Maibach, 12-1.

ALARM CLOCKS

Of course, there are very few people who do not jump out of bed the minute the bright morning sunlight creeps into their domain, but in sympathy with the few who do have difficulty the following remarks are made.

Perhaps there is no sensation in the world more pleasant than that of lying in a soft, warm bed in the early morning hours, with the realization that I must be at the station in exactly thirty minutes. As I lie there, a tired, worn-out business man, counting the flowers on the wallpaper, it seems that life cannot be harsh and disagreeable; it is impossible to believe that in only a few minutes I will be out of this heaven of comfort and will be thrusting two pennies at the newsie for the latest stock market quotations. There is no better place to plan my next conversation with my pet enemy. I know just the sally to make the next time I meet him in the elevator; in fact, I might even smile at him. I am ready to face the world with a chip on my shoulder, not to be outdone by anyone.

But soon the tantalizing odors of breakfast manage to penetrate beneath the bedclothes where I have hidden my head to prevent facing bare facts—the time on my alarm clock. I would just love to be sitting at breakast before that steaming coffee—but—well it would be too hot to drink anyway. I better wait a few minutes. And so I succeed in persuading myself that I should stay in bed. I might get cold if I get up before the room was warm. By this time I have rather an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps it is getting a little bit late, and I leap out into my icebox of a bedroom to find that I will do well to get the 8.01 and my favorite seat.

It seems, though, that there must be some way to make this terrible ordeal of getting up in the morning more pleasant. It would be convenient now that we think of it to have an 8.02 train to accommodate those who manage to see the back door of the smoker fade away in the distance. Then I could stop to snatch a triangle of toast to munch while waving to my

wife from the corner. Or perhaps a secret society could be formed, in which my wife might qualify for membership, whose aim it would be to rout unsuspecting husbands out of bed by fake phone messages or panicky cries of "Fire! Fire!" But that person is yet to be found who will devise a painless way of getting up in the morning.

Anna Cummings.

DISHONEST? WELL, MAYBE

The morning was sharp and crisp, one of those days when everything looks as fresh as a yard of snow-white clothes, and when everyone feels that he is master of the world. Two smartly dressed young ladies, stopped on their way to work by a warning red eye at the crossing, greeted each other with a cheery "Hi!" (It's not "hello!" any more.) Then one gushed forth in a sugary lisp, "What an adorable hat! It's simply ducky! I wish I could wear that style, but its perfectly grand on you!" And to herself, "She looks like a clown dressed for a costume ball." The light changed. We are very sincere as a race.

A few steps farther on a short stoutish man, whose gait was more like that of a duck than of a man, hailed a fellow-hiker with a hearty slap on the back. After the conventional greetings and remarks on the weather and depression, the short man proudly announced that he had just bought a new car.

"A new car! Great old fellow!" said the other, "but with business like this— you ought to have your head examined, you poor fellow," he almost added in another breath. Of course we do not wish to create the impression that the well-wisher was jealous, not at all—just our American manner of expression. By this time the short man had reached his destination and had left his companion to figure out the mystery of the new automobile.

But although this patronizing manner of congratulation has not yet polluted the speech of our infants, do you think it would be wise to establish a society for its prevention? It would be rather an unpleasant sensation, wouldn't it, to meet a not-very-intimate acquaintance on the street and have him tell you that the new lavender necktie that you were wearing, incidentally a present from a very special "somebody," made you look as if you were your own corpse returning from a visit to the undertaker? So we find a plausible excuse for an apparently dishonest custom.

Anna Cummings.

GOOD ENOUGH IS AN ENEMY OF THE BEST

How true this is. We accomplish a task. We give it a last look. "That's good enough," we say. But is it good enough? No, we must admit that it is not. Even our best is none too good. If this is true, then how unworthy of us is something inferior to our best which is poor indeed.

Who knows what curious or interested eyes may scan our work? If we knew it was to be inspected by a stranger, or by someone whom we admired very much, would we have put it aside with the remark, "Good enough"?

Good enough, yes, but good enough for what? Certainly not good enough for use where the best is required and demanded. Would we feel safe riding across a bridge that was called "good enough" by the construction engineer? Would we let those dear to us take a journey on a train or airplane that was not the best available? No, I rather think not.

Would it not be wise then to eliminate the phrase "good enough" from our vocabularies?

Helen M. Vandeleur, 11-3.

TENNIS

The game of tennis is old, so old, think many people, that it is not worth playing. This must be the idea in a great many high schools also, because here tennis has been neglected almost entirely as a school sport. It has been neglected both because people thought it was a "sissy's" game, and because they do not know much about the game and have no desire to. It is mainly classified as a "sissy's" game because tennis is one of politest games played, made so mainly because there is no bodily contact between the contestants. Also the term for nothing, or zero, is "love," and is often misinterpreted. A man recently described the game of tennis to be by tossing an imaginary ball into the air and pushing it gently forward by a similar racquet. I wish that man could get in front of one of Tilden's serves!

A "sissy's" game! If the average man can play five sets of fast, gruelling tennis and come out of it as cool and as fresh as he went in, he is no sissy. A person must be in the best all-around physical condition I know of, not excepting football and basketball. This game calls for stamina, speed, headwork and skill.

There are two kinds of tennis players; those who play for exercise, and those who play for the bettering of their game. Enjoyment is not listed here because that is understood—if anyone plays tennis, he enjoys it.

There are many tennis courts about this vicinity which may be obtained by awaiting your turn and walking on. Also there is a tennis club in the vicinity for the use of members and their guests.

The cost of tennis depends on yourself. If you wish to obtain a fairly cheap racquet, there are many fine models to be chosen from, and other models may be obtained for as large a sum as one wishes to pay. About four good

tennis balls may be obtained for the price of the average baseball.

In this city during the summer months are held the City Championships, while only half an hour's ride from here is the Longwood Cricket Club where the National Doubles Championships are held each August. Also every winter Tilden and his troupe of professionals play exhibition matches in Boston.

In closing, I may add that tennis is gradually coming into its own, is finding its way into the eyes of John Public, and is more and more becoming known as a fast, clean sport which leaves little to be desired for either players or spectators.

Everett Pope, 9-1.

JUNIOR SPORTS WANTED!

The senior high pupils have their sports, why shouldn't the junior pupils? The higher grades of ten, eleven and twelve have had great support from the juniors; why then shouldn't the seventh, eighth and ninth grades have something of their own to support? The Junior Carnival was run for the three lowest grades but where did the money from it go? Did the junior high pupils get the benefit of it?

There are many boys in the ninth grade who have worked hard and tried their best in sports in the seventh and eighth grades so they would have the honor of representing North Junior High in those grades. These boys go out for the team in the seventh with hardly a chance except for the practice it gives them. In the eighth they may be able to become a substitute with more practice and it is only when they get to the ninth grade that they have their big chance. Then to have that taken away is very disappointing.

If the boys take part in school competition in the seventh, eighth and ninth, they will have had experience which will make them better fitted for positions on the senior team. It will, also, give them a sense of sportsmanship in early life which they will carry on not only in sports but also in later life as well. This is better for the school as well as the boys. The senior part of the school will benefit in athletics. The whole school will profit by the honor thrown upon it by the success of the boy graduated from it.

No sports, also, leaves some of the boys without something to do after school. Jobs are not plentiful and boys depend on sports to occupy their leisure time and use up their excess energy. Sports have a good effect on a boy's character, because if he makes the team, after playing a game in the afternoon he is tired. Will a boy who is tired wander the streets at night and so get a bad reputation, and, also, get a bad influence on his character which may lead to greater wrong doing in later life? No! He will stay in the house and rest and so be ready for the next day in school.

Intra-mural competition may remedy some of the things I have mentioned, but there is not as much interest in this, as in representing the school.

Then in closing I wish to say that the juniors need sports as much as the seniors and they can support their own athletics if given the chance. The seniors have dances and whist parties for their athletics; why shouldn't the juniors run a show, a carnival, and other things that could raise money? In this way the seventh, eighth and ninth grades could have something of their own. Which they want!

John S. Hermistone, 9-1.

To what extent are students expected to act as janitors required to clean up after those who do not throw away their refuse in the cafeteria at lunch time?

Reasonable co-operation may be expected, but too many are taking advantage—leaving their unfinished lunches, dirty dishes and papers on the tables, knowing well that a teacher will soon come along to direct some one else to dispose of them.

The offenders do not seem to be so severely scored as those who object to habitually playing garbage man.

L. T. R.

APPRECIATION

We wish to express our appreciation to the following judges for their assistance in the literary contest: Miss Crockett, Miss Currier, Miss Parker, Miss Raycroft, Miss Reilly, Mr. Foy, Mr Hofferty and Mr. Smoyer.

THE COVER DESIGN

The cover of this issue is a composition on a theme relevant to All Fool's Day which, as you know, falls upon April 1st. The April Fool leads a hilarious procession including the Mad Hatter and the Mad March Hare of "Wonderland" fame.

The club and the exchange departments have been purposely omitted from this issue.

MEET MR. KING

By Elizabeth M. Ogilvie

Noyes Farmer

Mr. Dennis King

When the dapper desk clerk told us that Mr. King would see us right away, I think I would have gladly fled if my companion hadn't steered me into an elevator. Before I had time to catch my breath we were standing in the dim corridor before a door that looked forbidding to say the least. We rang the bell and waited for what seemed an eternity. Personally I expected to be greeted by an imposing secretary with a monocle. After years had passed the door was flung open and there stood a tousled young man in a red dressing-gown. He rapidly apologized for keeping us waiting, greeted us heartily, and invited us in, all at the same time. With a cordial injunction to make ourselves comfortable and to have a cigarette he disappeared into another room to "spruce up a bit." My companion and I sat down and looked at each other.

Needless to say, my fellow reporter was the brains of the party. He began to jot down all sorts of ideas and questions, while I racked my brain for the carefully formulated plans which had scattered to the four winds.

Mr. King returned. During the short time we talked with him, we had ample opportunity to study him. He is as English as London Bridge. A very distinguished looking young man, he is slim and of medium height, fair with level blue-grey eyes and strong, clear-cut features. He is nervously active and it is difficult to imagine that he would sit still for any length of time. He smokes continuously.

Immediately we were at ease with him. He has that precious faculty of making one feel at home in his presence. Pleasantly he told us he was ready to answer our questions.

We started at the beginning.

"How did you embark on your career?"

Sitting informally on the arm of a divan, smoking, he answered in a crisp, pronounced English accent.

"I ran away from school when I was thirteen and became a call boy, at the munificent wage of one dollar a week. One scarcely hears of call boys in America, but the system is an important part of the European theater."

"What was your first role, Mr. King?"

"It was 'Dennis' in 'As You Like It.' I played my own name. Rather a coincidence."

We agreed. "Do you like Shakesperian roles?"

Decisively—"Very much, if they are played in a human fashion, not as the actors of Shakespeare's time played them."

"Mr. King, how did you happen to choose singing as your real career?"

Mr. King, who had been walking up and down, stopped, smiled, and said simply: "Well, I wanted to make more money, so I left 'Romeo and Juliet' for 'Rosemarie'." His frankness and his smile impressed us.

"Do you enjoy singing on the stage?"

"No." (emphatically). "I don't like to sing in front of a great many people, but I enjoy singing in my own room."

"Do you prefer your present role of Richard of Bordeaux to that of The Vagabond King?"

He smiled again—that is one of his most delightful characteristics, his frequent smile and laugh.

"Oh, yes, indeed. I enjoyed being François Villon very much, but Richard is my favorite, though it is rather a strain, especially when I have two performances a day."

"Mr. King, for the benefit of the boys and girls who are seriously considering a dramatic career—what would you advise them to do as a start?"

"I should advise them not to do as I did. If they want to get ahead in pictures, concert, opera, or the legitimate stage, they should enter as an extra or as a member of the chorus. Watch the principals—their mannerisms and so forth. That will help immensely."

"About the movies versus the stage—which do you prefer?"

He paused in his energetic pacing—which, by the way, is typical of him—and frowned slightly.

"That's a difficult question. Of course the movie technique is quite different—the actor does not have to 'give' himself to an audience, and a player from the legitimate stage often finds it hard to act in front of a camera rather than hundreds of people. But to make a great deal of money, the movies are the thing."

"And the stage, Mr. King? What are its advantages over the screen?"

"The stage offers many more opportunities for genuine talent, because the movies are taking away large numbers of stage stars. Too, there is more variety on the stage—most of the movie actors are 'typed'. Of course there are a few who can break away from stereotyped role—Jack Barrymore, Garbo, 'Katie' Hepburn."

"Is there any special character you would like to portray on the stage?"

He was standing by the window, looking down at the crowded street. But at our question he swung around and his eyes lit up.

"I should like to play Whistler—James McNeill Whistler, the American painter who went to England, shocked London society, and eventually became the head of the Royal Academy."

This discovery led to another question.

"Do you like painting, Mr. King."

"Oh, very much! I'd like to paint, but I can't." He looked rueful, then brightened as we asked him about his favorite sport and hobby.

"Riding answers to both. I jump my own horses—it's great fun." He waxed enthusiastic.

"And what kind of reading do you like?"

"Biographies—preferably those of literary figures."

When my companion mentioned the fact that he had seen the stage production of "The Vagabond King," in Chicago, Mr. King won his friendship by saying that he considered Chicago a fine place and a great city.

He thanked us for coming, this delightful English gentleman, in a typically English fashion. Again he shook hands with us as if we were old friends. After we had left his rooms I, for one, would have liked to have stayed longer to talk with him.

NOT "A" JOB, BUT "THE" JOB

Mr. William H Shumway

This coming June there will be over two hundred pupils graduating from our school. A large majority of us will be out looking for work. There are few jobs to be had, but those that have the right qualifications and the initiative to look for work will have a far better chance than those who are not prepared nor fully qualified.

You will undoubtedly want to know how to get the job. For your benefit the following paragraphs have been taken from Mr. Shumway's talks on "Better Methods of Finding the Job," and "The Employer's Viewpoint."

"Most people today watch the advertisements in newspapers and then watch for something to turn up. They wait for luck. But things don't turn up, especially these days."

Mr. Shumway speaks of the difference between A job and THE job. What we want is THE job. The way to get it is to analyze yourself and prepare yourself for whatever you are best fitted.

"The task of finding a job is a sales problem. You must sell yourself and there are four steps to this end. First, know your goods—know your products. Know your interests—your aptitudes. Second, the market survey. Where is the market for this product you have to sell? Third, advertising. You have to advertise and do sales promotion work to sell any product. You have to do the same to get a job. Fourth, closing the sale. This is the interview when you come into contact with the employer."

Follow up these suggestions just mentioned and you will find yourself working harder and gaining more confidence in looking for the job.

Here are some "don'ts" from the Alexander Hamilton Institute:

"Don't walk into a private office with your hat on.

"Don't have a pipe or cigar in your mouth.

"Don't fall back in the chair as though you were going to sleep.

"Don't put your hat on the executive's desk.

"Don't do all the talking—it is always better to listen.

"Don't be egotistical.

"Don't knock your past or present employers.

"Don't let the interview grow stale—you can talk yourself out of a job.

"Clean yourself of all emotions that interfere with success. Don't be sorry for yourself. Out with fear! You have something to sell that somebody wants. Keep going until you find the concern that wants you.

"Nobody has a job just waiting for you—you have to find it. Somewhere there is a job for you—some concern wants you—it is only a question of finding the job."

After analyzing yourself and preparing the sales talk, you come to find out what the employers look for in a person.

"Most of us think of unemployment as just a problem of people being out of work. There are really many kinds of unemployment—there is general unemployment. Even in our most prosperous times we have one to two millions of people out of work, comprising people so financially well-off that they do not have to work, people who are too ill to work, and people who just will not work. Then we have seasonal unemployment in some industries; cyclical unemployment, which is the unemployment largely of laborers due to cycle depressions; technological unemployment, which is caused by the invention of machinery replacing human labor. Then this last few years we have had a new kind of unemployment which I have called 'competitive unemployment'."

Mr. Shumway finds another important point in regard to lack of unemployment—personality. A large majority of white-collared people lose their jobs through personality traits—"such traits as tardiness, insubordination, lack of co-operation, etc."

When people graduate from high school they should try to further their education by going to college. Lack of education is one of the greatest reasons for unemployment.

"The employer today as I have said before, is putting more and more time, study, and emphasis on finding the right person for the position he has to fill.

"In the old days a man started as an office boy and worked his way up to the presidency of a concern. Today girls and machines are in these positions. It isn't true that you can start as an office boy and eventually become president. There is very little chance for the man starting at the bench to grow up to be superintendent without specific training. So, throughout all fields of business, changes are taking place.

"Today employers are hiring practically only two types of men—experienced and inexperienced."

"Employers don't like 'yes' men. Employers today are trying to mislead men, in order to make them qualify their statements. Employers ask leading questions.

"Another thing the employer is watching today is the man's morale. It is hard for a man to keep his self-confidence when he is looking for a job from day to day. Yet that is losing many a job today. The man has lost his chance for a job by his face. Hard as it is, the employer takes that attitude. You have got to keep your grip. It's tough, but you have to do it.

"Based on my experience and knowledge gained by co-operating with hundreds of employers, I would sum up the viewpoint of the employer as to desirable qualifications in a prospective employee as follows:

"First, ability and desire to analyze himself, and the requirements of different vocations resulting in the definite choice of an occupation as the one vocation where he believes he can serve best and be happiest.

"Second, an adequate educational preparation.

"Third, personality, character traits, and social understanding.

"Fourth, a desire to devote sufficient spare time to keeping abreast with developments in his particular and allied fields.

"For young people who can meet these requirements, there are many opportunities, but for those who continue to look for just "a" job, there is less and less opportunity of securing any kind of worthwhile position."

Compiled by George W. Howe.

N. Q. H. S. CALENDAR

January 1—Monday—New Year's Day. 2,000 odd resolutions made.

January 2—Tuesday—School begins. And are those Christmas neckties vicious?

January 3—Wednesday—1,000 r e s o l u t i o n s broken; others badly bent.

January 5—Friday—Mac's muscular matmen massacre Weymouth's "wrasselers," 33-10.

January 8—Monday—Scarlet uniforms make their appearance. Will they start a blaze of glory?

January 9—Tuesday—Record attendance at basketball game. Oh, for a larger gym!

January 11—Thursday—Extra! Extra! One resolution intact.

January 12—Friday—Lieutenant Greene of Dennison's Airport speaks on aviation. Football team suffers from hoof and mouth disease, caused by dancing and singing at the Junior Carnival.

Even so, the Carnival goes over big.

January 14—Sunday—No school. Sleep at home.

January 15—Monday—School. Sleep at school.
January 16—Tuesday—Feurtado meets another Jumbo and North ties Tufts freshmen.
January 18—Thursday—No joke; it was censored.
January 19—Friday—Council candidates presented to the school. "Dimp" Howe's red shirt creates chaos.
January 21—Sunday—Joe Penner panics the airwaves.
January 22—Monday—2,000 students affirm that ye editor is a "nasty man."
January 25—Thursday—Snappy Valentine dance posters appear.
January 30—Tuesday—Rogers' Raging Red Raiders Run Roughshod over Norwood netmen, 20-12.
January 31—Wednesday—Report cards today. Alibis in order. Honor Roll announced:

HIGH HONOR STANDINGS

High Honor Standings:

Twelfth grade: Hazel Borne, Mary Gilmartin, Catherine Horton, Marion Harris, Arthur Schuh and Barbara Wragg. Eleventh grade: George Hill and Bettina Hayden. Tenth grade: Duane Aldrich, Josephine Cambria, Mary Cassie, Dorothy Leonard, Mary Macomber, Dorothy Robbins and Robert Stewart. Ninth grade: Walter Anderson, Martha Collins and Olive Copeland.

Ninth grade: Vlasios Georgian, Stephen Horton, Dorothy Jacques, Arlene Neal, Everet Pope and Burton Smith. Eighth grade: Winifred Becker, Edward Gartland, Jr., Janice McGowan, Patricia O'Neil and Richard Stevens. Seventh grade: William Benbaren, Nancy Cahill, Roy Cavicchi, Richard Cotter, Patricia Cole, Charles Crowell, Ruth Dagget, Joseph Driscoll, Luella Eaton, Arthur Georgian, Shirley Goldburg, Frank Hawco, Edmund King, Morison Mainwaring, Beulah MacLeod, Dorothy Naumanm, Gene Sprague and Elizabeth Sweetzer.

Honor Standing

Honor Standing:

Twelfth grade: Elva Aitkens, Elizabeth Balcom, Eleanor Borst, Helen Carrol, Marjorie Cleary, Edward Cragin, Anna Cummings, Frank Dowding, Joseph Dowling, Marjorie Edwards, Mildred Elliot, Noyes Farmer, Dorothy Finn, Rosina Guzzi, Frances Hughes, Daniel Jackson, Robert Keith, Ruth Kennedy, Wyllian Krause, Helen Leary, Alma Libby, Mabel MacDonald, Malcolm MacDougal, George Maibach, Margaret McKinley, Clarence Metcalf, Ruth Miles, Robert Nelson, Elizabeth Ogilvie, Gladys Olson, Norman Pare, Karl Pebler, Mabel Porter Martha Reynolds, Gertrude Robertson, Lillian Smith, Robert Smith, Mabel Stewart, Harry Taylor, Muriel Towle, George Wanzer and Martha Winders.

Eleventh grade: Edward Bentley, Eleanor DeVries, Virginia Black, Frances Curtis, William Frye, Marion Gifford, Victor Gookin, Bethiah Morrill, Leveret Peters, Elizabeth Seavey, Webster Tileston, Agnes Walker, Hillain West, Arthur Western and Elsie Young.

Tenth grade: Louise Bowker, Helen Brown, Harold Champeau, Marion Cobb, Eleanor Costa, Ruth DeMone, Fred Doherty, Adelaide Ely, Robert Everson, Gladys Finney, Ebba Galbery, Mabel Hume, Barbara Lindberg, Barbara Litchfield, Charles McCauley, Eleanor O'Connell, Robert Olson, Phyllis Purcell, Sylvia Purcell, Marguerite Reynolds, Betty Richmond, Marshall Roberts, Ellen Stenborg and Claire Trico.

Ninth grade: Edith Berg, Ethel Bettony, Avis Buzzelle, Frances Cambria, Evelyn Curtis, Margaret Childerhouse, Peter Cooke, Elsie De Wolfe, Evelyn Fagin, Kathryn Fontaine, William Fox, Ralph Gillies, Warren Goodnow, Lillian Gove, Inger Hansen, Ruth Hayden, Eleanor Hughes, Edward Kennedy, Ann King, Delbert MacFaden, Ernest Manderville, Robert Navin, Nancy Plummer, Richard Rouse, Harold Scollin, Fred Sherwin, Dorothy Stebbins, Helen Strasburg, Barbara Thompson, Gunnor Thornton, Arthur Trott and A. Geraldine White.

Eighth grade: Richard Aldrich, Marie Gaudreau, Lincoln Bartlett, Richard Berquist, Robert Bliss, Helen Boyajian, Agnes Burckhart, Helen Butts, William Cameron, John Carelton, Phyllis Cox, Richard Crockett, Thelma DeLoid, Shirley Diem, James Donovan, Saba Foster, Mary Margaret Fullerton, Claire Germaine, Glady Gilbert, Bicknell Hall, Eunice Harris, Homer Hathaway, Peter Jenks, Roger Kent, Mildred Knight, Betty Lever, Marie MacDonald, Howard MacDougall, John Mansfield, Ethel Marden, Jeanette McNally, Nelson Merrill, Olive Morrill, Barbara Munro, Gilbert Okerfelt, Jean Owen, Myral Rafkin, Marjorie Readdy, Robert Rich, Avis Ryan, Clifton Rogers, Joseph Schauer, Dorothy Schrader, Edson Scudder, Warren Sharp, Lawrence Shalit, Jean Smith, Constance Stewart, Ruth Sullivan, Beverly Sweatt, Marie Sweeney, George Walker, Clara Ward and Albert Wight.

Seventh grade: William Ball, Richard Bartlett, Marjorie Butter, Doris Cahoon, Betty Cameron, Albert Castle, Charles Coyne, Beverley Crandal, Lillian Damrell, Hazel Dart, Helen Davis, Gail Donovan, Elizabeth Dunn, John Early, Philip Ewing, Dorothy Fallows, Loraine Gartner, Jean Hall, Carl Hartblower, Shirley Harte, Dorothy Hogan, Norman Jurd, William Hutchinson, Evelyn Jakes and Robert Johnson.

(Continued on page 49)

SPORTS
E.H. Balcom

NORTH TAKES OPENER

Coach "Curly" Rogers' Red Raiders flashed across their home court to down a stubborn and clever Taunton High five 24-22 in the season's opening battle, but only after a three minute overtime period was necessitated when the two teams were deadlocked at 22 counters apiece when the regular time had expired.

A substitute guard, "Ken" Cody brought the capacity crowd to its feet and proved the hero of the tilt by drifting a beautiful shot into the netting midway through the extra stanza, sending the Northeners away on their 1934 schedule with a victory. The seconds lost the preliminary game by a 15-6 count after the Orange and Black gained a 12-1 lead by half time.

The main go was a thriller all the way with the visiting Taunton team setting the pace throughout the major portion of the fray. The Orange and Black were up 7-4 at the end of a comparatively slow first quarter and were in front 13-9 when period number two was drawn to a close. Taunton stubbornly retained her lead during the third chapter and had a 16-14 advantage at the finish of this quarter. Walter Joly was handed his walking papers in this round for committing four personal fouls and "Nobby" Reilly took his place.

The final period was the best of the lot. Trailing 17-14, the home team started to buzz. Cooke made it 17-15 when he converted a foul shot and Mitchell tied up the ball game for the first time with a flashy one-handed basket. Assiran came right back for Taunton with a duo-pointer from far out, but again Mitchell came through, this time with a foul shot to put North but a single point in the rear. Pandemonium reigned when Nelson roared in to sink a close-up shot that let Rogers' gang take the lead. Taunton came back faster than ever and their rally finally ended when Jones corked one from almost mid-floor to hand his team the tall end of a 21-20 count. Again the crowd swayed to its feet and payed tribute to the brilliant "Te" Mitchell as he switched the rapidly changing lead back to North Quincy with a pretty field goal. Assiran was put off the floor for his fourth personal foul, but North couldn't convert it. Then with five seconds left, "Cap" Bryan fouled Hospit who calmly placed the tying point in the hoop.

Coaches Rogers and Cohen went into a huddle and came out agreeing to a three minute overtime period. The Red Raiders promptly took the ball and passed Taunton dizzy until Cody came through with his winning shot. The smooth passing Northerners then kept the ball in their possession for the remainder of the period not giving Taunton a chance at the leather.

For Taunton, Hospit and Wakefield played bang-up games. "Te" Mitchell, who has been a nemesis to Taunton before was easily the best man on the floor with a sterling defensive battle and leading the scorers by getting 13 points. The North star was paced by "Bat" Nelson and "Richy" Cooke however, who also played nice games.

The second team of Taunton had little trouble in downing the Scarlet and Black. Coach Rogers started his sophomores and they were swamped by their more experienced rivals, Taunton being up 6-0 at the close of the first period and 12-1 at the half.

NORTH TOPPLES TRADE

North Quincy's Red Raiders swooped down on the Quincy Trade School basketball team in the North gym and collected a 30-11 victory for their second win in a row. Surprising the large gathering, Coach Rogers started an outfit of Juniors and they played most of the game, although every member of the first squad saw some service.

Trade didn't bring along any second outfit, so Coach Rogers had his ninth graders play the sophomores in a tilt which the former won mainly through the efforts of "Pete" Cooke and Fred Cummings. Cooke and Cummings scored six points apiece in aiding the ninth graders in their 14-8 victory. Sawyer showed to best advantage for the sophomores by netting five markers.

The Scarlet and Black led all the way being in front 9-0 at the first stop, 12-5 at half time and 20-8 when the third period ended. "Ken" Cody, the kid who beat Taunton was high scorer yesterday, netting eight points while "Al" Edson, curly-haired forward was next in line with six markers. Gerry of Trade was high for his team by napping five points, and he also stood out on the defense.

The feature of the battle was in the second period when "Bat" Nelson, North star, raced down the floor and sunk a basket for Trade. The feat was accidental as Nelson had just come into the game and hadn't got his directions straightened out. Outside of that one touch, the game was devoid of thrills and for the most part was rough and ready.

QUINCY HIGH DOWNS NORTH, 28–12

Coach "Jimmy" LeCain's smooth working Quincy High basketball team put a sudden stop to the North Quincy win streak in the third game of the season when they handed the Northerners a 28-12 setback on the North court before a capacity crowd. The Raiders weren't even in the tilt as far as steadiness and a consistent attack was concerned and it was the Blue and White's ball game all the way.

MR. LAROY ROGERS

Led by the brilliant "Eddie" Dunn, LeCain's forces were in the van throughout and there was not much question as to who the eventual winner would be as early as the end of the first period. It wasn't that the Northerners weren't in their trying and battling for every point for they were, but they lacked a steady and consistent drive that wins ball games. In direct contrast to the erratic play of the losers, the Quincy team was as cool and smooth an aggregation as one could wish to see. Paced by Dunn, the Quincyites broke up the Northern offense and set a defence that the Scarlet and Black could pierce for but 12 points.

"Swede" Almstrom and "Eddie" Dunn were the best men for Quincy in this fray while Mitchell and Cooke looked good for the Northerners. Although the two boys mentioned above looked especially well for the Blue and White, the rest of the team was also brilliant. Harold Kapsis, "Jim" McCollum and Capt. "Howie" Martin contributed plenty to the Quincy cause.

Although Quincy tossed 28 points through the hoop in this tilt the score would have been much lower except for the fact that Coach Rogers shoved in his Junior team during the last period and the Blue and White rolled up the tally.

The Scarlet and Black seconds atoned in a small way for the varsity defeat by knocking over the Quincy scrubs.

WEYMOUTH FALLS VICTIM

Swinging back to the victory trail once more, North Quincy's Red Raiders knocked over Jack Gannon's Weymouth High outfit 42-17 for their third win in four starts, the battle being staged in the Maroon and Gold gym. The Scarlet and Black seconds also tacked it on the Gannon's reserves by a 22-9 score.

North Quincy didn't have to extend herself any too much in this tilt, being up 7-2 at the quarter, 17-4 at the half, and 25-7 ending the third period.

There was no individual star for the winners, although "Te" Mitchell, brilliant center, captured high scoring honors by slipping 11 points into the netting. "Te" was followed by Gannon of Weymouth who dropped 10 markers. Gannon and Stewart were the home team's standouts with their display of all-aruond floorwork.

The second team game was also an easy one for the Scarlet and Black; like the regulars, they too were superior with their smoother passing and general all around play. MacLeod and Morrison looked well in this battle with Nelson taking the honors for Weymouth.

Again as in the Quincy fray, Coach Rogers used his entire first squad and would have put in the sophomores if they had been on hand.

SCARLET AND BLACK WINS FOURTH

Headed by Walter "Cap" Bryan, who tossed ten points through the hoop, North Quincy's Red Raiders dusted off Coach Tozier's Hingham High outfit in the North gym before a capacity crowd.

The game itself was rather slow and nothing to rave over, although some good basketball was displayed at times. North was in the lead throughout except for about two minutes in the second period when Hingham came to the fore against the Scarlet and Black's junior forces. The home team was out in front 5-2 at the end of the first quarter, 11-8 when the half was called, 19-9 at the finish of the third stanza and stretched their margin to 27-13 when the final whistle had shrilled.

Two twin counters by "Dick" Fisher and a foul shot contributed by Mitchell gave North their points in the first period while Worrick scored on a beautiful basket from far out that drew spontaneous applause from the gallery for the only Hingham points. Perry, clever visiting pivot man tossed in a pair of baskets to put his team in the lead for a few brief moments of the second quarter, they were soon matched by duo-pointer's flung in by Bryan, Mitchell and Cody. The third stanza found the winners picking up eight points to their opponent's one, while in the fourth they showed their best basketball to tally the remaining 11 counters.

For Coach Tozier's crew Perry and Cunningham were outstanding. Perry counted with five points and a fine defensive game while Cunningham was the Hingham high man with six markers.

There was no outstanding man for the winners although "Cap" Bryan walked off with high scoring honors gathering in ten counters. All the rest of the troupe did their share, however, and an individual light couldn't be picked. "Tommy" Ryan, "Te" Mitchell, "Dick" Fisher, "Bat" Nelson and "Cracker" Cooke all looked good and must share in the bouquets.

The second team game was North's from the start as they rolled up an 8-0 lead at the quarter and lengthened it to 18-0 by half time. Ralph MacLeod was the high scorer with 12 points while Bill Morrison also played a strong game getting six markers and showing a fine defense.

WATERTOWN EDGES NORTH, 18–17

A clever, fast-breaking Watertown basketball team handed Coach "Curly" Rogers' Red Raiders an 18-17 setback on the North Quincy court before the usual capacity crowd and also the locals second defeat of the season.

Playing without the services of their center

and all around star, "Te" Mitchell, for the first half of the ball game, the Raiders lost the battle in the first two periods. The locals were in the rear 12-7 at half time.

The Scarlet and Black garbed home forces were trailing practically the whole tilt being on the small end of a 4-3 count at the first quarter, 12-7 at the half, and were down 14-13 going into the final stanza. The loser's best period was the third where they gathered six points to their opponent's two. It was in this round that Mitchell entered the game and his presence helped the fading Northenders no little. MacLeod the sub center who worked in Mitchell's place the entire opening half deserves no end of praise for the way he held the dangerous "Don" Daughters, Watertown's flashy pivot man.

North Quincy's inability to convert foul shots lost them the ball game if you get right down to the technical points of the tilt. Out of ten free chucks awarded them, the Rogers' coached clan dropped only three. On the other hand, Watertown had the same number of shots but popped six of their opportunities through the hoop.

The game was fast throughout with North's only real threats coming in the final quarter when they went out in front 15-14 for a brief instant. Outstanding for Watertown in this tilt was Bond who was at the helm of most of the visiting offensive drives and who picked up four points to help his cause.

For the losers, "Cap" Bryan was the high scorer with ten markers while Cooke also displayed a good all around game. Mitchell at center was the outstanding defensive threat on the floor during the last two periods and he pepped the team up plenty while he was in there. "Dick" Fisher at forward was going great guns until he was hurt in the last stanza and had to be taken out.

The second team battle was all North's with the local five winning as they pleased to the tune of 18-11.

TAUNTON SET BACK

Flashing their best form to date, North Quincy's Red Raiders slapped a 41-30 defeat on a gallant Taunton High five on the Taunton court to win their second engagement from the Orange and Black and also to chalk up their fifth victory of the season.

Led by the old combination that used to roll up the points in other years, "Te" Mitchell and "Cap" Bryan, the Northerners were up in front most of the way. Mitchell turned in a beautiful exhibition as did Bryan, these two boys gathering 32 points between them. Mitchell, the Raiders' classy center, was individual high scorer of the tilt garnering seven field goals and three foul shots for a 17 point aggregate while Bryan at right forward tossed 15 markers through the hoop.

In this game the Rogers'-coached quintet showed to very good advantage. Their pass work and shooting eye were greatly improved over former games and they looked like the Rogers' teams of yore as they smoothly worked the ball up and down the floor. Especially in their foul shooting did they improve, sinking 13 of their gift shots.

The Scarlet and Black started off like the last time they played Coach Cohen's aggregation and were trailing 7-3 at the end of the first period. But there the Northenders took full charge of the situation. Midway through the second stanza "Tommy" Ryan looped a foul shot through the netting and tied up the count at nine markers apiece. From then on, North started going places and Taunton never could catch up.

The half came to a close with North ahead by a 16-12 score. Just half of these 16 markers were contributed by foul shots with four field goals swelling the total. Drawing easily ahead in the third round the Rogers' quintet were on the long end of a 30-20 count by reason of Mitchell and Bryan's sharpshooting.

For the Orange and Black, home team last night, Halekas was outstanding as he tallied ten points to be the biggest thorn in the winner's side. He also turned in one of the best defensive battles on his team.

Mitchell and Bryan of course, shone for the victors last evening, with their clever shooting, but lots of credit must be given to the other boys who furnished the opportunities for Mitchell and Bryan to cork the shots. "Cracker" Cooke especially looked good with his pass work and also scored six markers.

The North seconds upset the Taunton scrubs for the first time this season when they eked out an 8-7 win on Phil Leadbetter's basket with about five seconds to play. The defeat was the Taunton reserve's first of the year.

RAIDERS LOSE TO WATERTOWN AGAIN

A fighting North Quincy basketball team fell before Watertown's varsity quintet at Watertown 27-25 after a tight game for the Northerners' third loss of the year. The seconds also were on the short end, losing by a 28-21 score.

The Red Raiders trailed for the entire ball game although they were always within striking distance of victory. At the end of the first period, the Northenders were in the rear of a 6-3 tally while the half closed with Watertown commanding a 16-7 lead. The third stanza finished with North behind 24-17. The game was fast and rough throughout and constantly had Watertown on its feet with excitement. Especially in the final round when the North rally fell just two points shy was the crowd in an uproar.

For the Rogers'-coached outfit Bryan was high scorer with 11 points but Mitchell, Cooke, Joly and Ryan played beautiful ball games. For the ultimate winners Stevens and Larkin were the big guns, each snaring 8 points.

In the second team set-to yesterday the Watertown scrubs tipped over the North reserves 28-21 in a rather slow bout. Lavakras was the high scorer with 8 points.

NORTH TIPS OVER NORWOOD

Coach "Benny" Murray's Norwood High basketball team came, saw, and were conquered by the Red Raiders of North Quincy 20-14 before a capacity crowd in the North gym. Instead of the usual second team game a bit of novelty was introduced when Coach Frank MacDonald's wrestlers downed the Needham High mat men by a 23-11 count. The wrestling meet was held between the halves and before the hoop tilt.

As far as the basketball game went, North Quincy should have won as they pleased over the visiting quintet, but on the contrary had their hands full. With a comfortable 10-2 lead at the end of the first quarter the Northerners failed to function in the second period and were only in front by a 13-9 score when the half came to a close. They opened up again in the third round and were leading by an 18-11 margin when the final stanza started.

In this game the Northerners were without the services of "Tommy" Ryan and "Nobby" Reilly, two stellar performers who are all through sports for the year. Both of these boys came from Quincy High and when report cards came out it was found that this marking period completed their three years that they may play athletics. Both lads were all-around athletes, Ryan competing in baseball, football and basketball and Reilly starred in football and basketball and intended going out for the nine in the spring. Ryan was a halfback on the undefeated football team that knocked off Quincy while Reilly was ranked as one of the best ends on the South Shore.

For the Red Raiders in this fray the young junior, Ralph MacLeod was high scorer and one of the most outstanding men on the floor. MacLeod swished the leather through the hoop just four times, three field goals and a foul shot giving him a seven point aggregate. Next to him "Te" Mitchell who gathered five markers for the afternoon was high for North. Lindfors, Norwood pivot man was high for his team with six counters. Flaherty and Peterson of the losers looked good with their defensive play which often stopped local assaults.

Coutinued from page 43)

February 1—Thursday—Chadwick Clinic test today. X-ray or no X-ray—that is the question.

February 2—Friday—Senior Valentine Dance.
"Roses are red, violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet, . . "
Keep off my feet!

February 9—Friday—Mercury hits minus 18°. Half the school A. W. O. L. Mr. Shumway keeps his appointment, and talks to us straight from the shoulder.

February 15—Thursday—One gallant action performed today. George Washington, Esquire, kisses Miss Hopey's hand.

February 16—Friday—Girls' Club and Hi-Y present benefit performance starring members of the Wollaston Glee Club; Mrs. Dorothy Richardson, contralto; and cast from Emerson School of Oratory. Proceeds aid needy students.

February 26—Monday—No school. Quincy snowed in. What a pal the radio announcer turned out to be.

February 27—Tuesday—Blizzard last night. Squantum students arrive forty minutes late wearing snowshoes, muffs, earlaps and carrying Vapo-Rub.

March 1—Thursday—Matinee dance this afternoon. Maestro Leith and his boys present the toe-ticklers.

March 2—Friday—Band presents concert and dance. Proceeds to buy uniforms and instruments. Spring is just around the corner.

J. G. and H. V.

1. CHEER LEADERS
Left to right: Edward Cragin, Janet Adair, Elizabeth Andros, Thora Soderberg, Anna Burnes, James Young.
2. WRESTLING TEAM
1st row: John Begley, Peter Jacobson, Ralph Patten, Kenneth Patten, George Johnston, George Bailey, Charles Reeks, Arlon Hussey.
2nd row: Charles McAuley, Thomas Coleman, John Connors, Charles Calderwood, George Porter, Harry Taylor, Robert Pickett.
3rd row: Arthur Hewith, Harold Lindquist, Lothrop Smith, Arthur Young, George Coleman, Edward Assmus.
4th row: Allan Rydwell, Herbert Tonry, Coach MacDonald, Ralph Mettler, John Paulson, Thomas Ferris.
3. BASKETBALL TEAM
1st row: Richard Cooke, r. f.; George Mitchell, c.; Arthur Nelson, r. g.; Richard Fisher, r. f.; Walter Bryan, l. f.
2nd row: Kenneth Cody, g.; Albert Edson, f.; Ralph McLeod, c.; William Morrison, r. g.; Vernon Mathurin, f.
3rd row: James Fay, g.; George Hutt, g.; Joseph Rogers, c.; Philip Leadbetter, f.; Paul Reilly, r. g.; Thomas Ryan, l. g.
Standing: Vincent Cragin, manager; Mr. Laroy Rogers, coach.
4. GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM
Left to right: Elizabeth Donna, Harriet Leavitt, Mary Ready, manager; Eleanor Whitford, Natalie Archer, Margaret Deering, Rita Darling, captain; Elsie Young, Dorothy Graham.

NEW BEDFORD VOCATIONAL SUNK, 22–10

Coach "Curley" Rogers' North Quincy High Red Raiders flashed back into a resemblance of their old time form yesterday afternoon on the North court and consequently hung a 22-10 reverse on the fast New Bedford Vocational outfit. Leading all the way, the Northenders had the ball game in hand throughout and repulsed all the Green and White with a defence that was at once steady and brilliant. The New Bedford scrubs partially atoned for the varsity's defeat by coming fast in the final canto to eke out an 18-17 won.

In the main tilt the Northerners went away to an early lead and were never headed. Ralph MacLeod broke the scoring ice with a nice goal from the field and followed up his first twin counter with another of the same variety before the visiting horde worked Ballistracci into position where he could score. The same boy tied up the game with a nice one-handed shot that swished the strings. "Dick" Fisher, lanky North forward split the hoop with a pair of gift shots awarded him when he was fouled, to give the Scarlet and Black a 6-4 lead at the quarter.

The Raiders started on a real raid in the second chapter and piled up 8 more points while holding New Bedford to a horse collar. Fisher, Mitchell, Joly and "Bill" Morrison dropped in the counters that gave the home team a 14-4 margin at the half.

North kept right up in front in the third canto and led 18-8 going into the final round. In the fourth period the winners played mostly defensive ball as "Te" Mitchell was sent from the game for committing four personal fouls.

No individual star shone in this game although MacLeod pushed in 7 points to be high scorer and Morrison, the other junior on the

varsity outfit showed a strong defensive game.

Hautman at center and Grace at forward stood out for the visitors. Both of these colored boys had speed to burn and they burned it plenty. Grace was the fastest man on the floor and although he didn't score himself, being well blanketed, he was on the passing end of most of the Green and White scores.

The second team tossed away an 11-7 advantage they held at the half and were nosed out at the finish in a flurry of New Bedford baskets. Kearney was the outstanding player gathering 14 points, while Mathurin was North's best bet with 10 counters.

LOCALS LAND EIGHTH WIN

Coming from behind in the final half, North Quincy's Red Raiders tacked a 28-19 reverse on a scrappy Milton High five Tuesday afternoon at the North court to ring up their third victory in a row and their 8th of the season.

The seconds also came through with a win over the visiting reserves, sending the Milton scrubs down under a 26-14 count to hand the Scarlet and Black both ends of the bill. Playing before a large crowd, the Northenders staged a comeback in the final periods to wipe out an early Milton lead and tuck the ball game away.

The fast breaking Yeaton aggregation held a 7-6 advantage at the period and were still in front at the half, 14-13. Baskets by Fletcher, Greene, and Gifford and a foul shot also by Greene gave the visiting quintet their early lead. "Te" Mitchell with a pair of twin counters and "Bill" Morrison with one, kept North in the running.

The second chapter was a replica of the first, the play being fast and the Maroon and White clinging tenaciously to their slight margin. Gifford picked up a pair of field goals in this round while Plotner tossed in another of the same kind and Fletcher counted with a free shot to give Milton their 7 points. Although having plenty of shots, the best the Raiders could do was a foul shot by Bryan, until about 3 minutes before the period's end. Here "Cracker" Cooke entered the scene and promptly livened up the proceedings. Cooke intercepted a pass at midfloor and dribbled up to flip a basket through the strings. Less than 10 seconds later this same boy dropped another into the counting station from far out and then picked one of the backboard to drop it home for his 6th and North's 13th point of the tilt.

Coming out for the third round, "Cracker" continued his sharpshooting display by splitting the meshes with a duo-pointer that handed Coach Rogers' team the lead for the initial time. Milton came back to regain the rapidly changing pace setter's role, but North kept the pressure on and finally went ahead to stay.

Cooke and Mitchell tied for individual scoring honors, each man gathering 10 markers and both turned in fine all-around games. Acting Captain Walter Joly must be mentioned for his fine defensive showing, as must the brilliant junior, "Bill" Morrison. For the vanquished, Gifford and Fletcher showed to good advantage.

The second team tilt was rather one sided, North being in full control of the situation at all times. The Scarlet and Black was up 21-10 going into the final round. Mathurin was easily the outstanding man on the floor, the North forward scoring 11 markers.

HINGHAM DUMPS SCARLET AND BLACK

Upsetting all the advance dope, the Hingham High School basketball team polished off Coach "Curly" Rogers' North Quincy five 19-17 on the Hingham court to furnish one of the year's biggest surprises. Working a smooth zone defence on the narrow Hingham floor, the home team held the always dangerous North attack stagnant. The North Quincy second came out on top by a 20-11 score, however, to slightly atone for the varsity's defeat.

In the main go, the two teams were stalemated 2-2 at the end of the first period, while the visiting Northerners were leading 8-6 at half time. Hingham drew ahead midway through the third stanza and were never headed from there, being in front 13-10 going into the final quarter and always just managing to stay ahead of the Rogers' forces.

In the final chapter, "Te" Mitchell, North Quincy's brilliant pivot was handed his walking papers when he got booked for committing 4 personal fouls and the Northenders were thus handicapped greatly. Gilbert with two baskets was the lad who sent North to the scrap heap in this session.

For Hingham yesterday, Gilbert was the fair haired boy, being high scorer with 10 points and generally proving a nuisance to the losers. Perry was also in the limelight playing a nice game. Mitchell with 8 markers and Bryan with 5 were North's best offensive threats.

The North Quincy seconds didn't have an awfully hard time, winning about as they pleased. "Al" Edson was the big gunner of the day roping in 7 points for his share of the day's receipts.

WEYMOUTH QUINTET SET BACK

Coach "Curly" Rogers' Red Raiders romped to an easy 35-18 win over the Weymouth High five on the North court to break into the victory column once more while the North Quincy grapplers pinned a defeat on the Weymouth grunt and groaners on the program's other half. Playing before a large crowd, the Northerner's had full control of the tilt at all times

and Coach Rogers used all but one of his scarlet garbed men. "Cap" Bryan was the lone "Raider" who failed to see action being laid up with a sore leg and not wanting to put any strain on it.

The home team was in front 19-7 at the half after holding an 8-0 lead when the first quarter closed. The Rogers' clan had a comfortable 31-11 margin as the third period ended.

North Quincy's brilliant pivot man was again the best man on the floor. Mitchell tossed in 5 baskets and 4 fouls for a 14 point aggregate. "Te" was tossed out early in the fourth stanza for four personal fouls and that cut down his scoring activities. The elongated "Dick" Fisher and Walter Joly come in for a lion's share of the glory with Mitchell. Both these boys put up sterling defensive battles. Acting captain Ralph MacLeod was next to Mitchell with 6 markers.

For the visiting Maroon and Gold quintet, Stewart, Gannon, Beaulis and King looked the best. Between Stewart, Bannon and King, Weymouth accounted for all ten of her foul shots which was her chief scoring weapon. King looped 5 of these gift shots into the meshes, Stewart looked after three of them, and Gannon steered home the remaining pair. Beaulis was the big gunner in the visiting horde's final rally when he scored 4 of the 7 points chalked up. For pure defensive work, Sullivan took the prize.

RED RAIDERS SMACK QUINCY

Coach "Curly" Rogers' Red Raiders from North Quincy swept onto the Quincy High court last Feb. 16 and swept off again with a 15-9 victory in their grasp after they had tamed the Blue and White Hurricanes down to a mild afternoon breeze. The seconds lost a close battle, however, to give Quincy some satisfaction.

Featuring a dogged defence that covered the Quincy sharp-shooters like a blanket, the Northerners pulled one of the season's most surprising upsets. Most of the critics figured that LeCain's team would take the Scarlet and Black without much trouble, but the Raiders came through to knock over the dope bucket by displaying one of the finest defensive games most of the huge crowd ever watched.

North Quincy held a 2-1 lead when the first period ended, Captain Nelson tossing in a basket for the Northerners and "Eddie" Dunn scoring for the home club with a foul shot. In the second period Quincy went ahead for a brief instant on Almstrom's "sucker" shot, but Cooke tied up the tilt by swishing a free chuck he was awarded. This ended all the scoring for the first half. Both teams in the initial half showed powerful defences with offensive moves being shut off before they fairly began. The Rogers'-coached team employed a man-to-man game while the Quincyites used their famed zone defence.

In the third round the Raiders sewed up the ball game when Nelson loped a pair of free heaves into the counting station to start off the rally and then Cooke, Mitchell and the same Nelson steered home field goals to make the win doubly certain.

Kapsis, the classy pivot man from Quincy went on a private scoring spree of his own to get 4 points inside of a couple of minutes and "Vic" DeGravio tossed a duo pointer through the hoop to finish all the Quincy scoring. In the final stanza, "Te" Mitchell and "Bat" Nelson each rippled the strings once more to give North Quincy her victory by a 6 point margin.

For North there was no individual star as each man played beautiful ball and they worked as one man on the floor. Acting captain "Bat" Nelson was the high scorer in this game with 8 markers to his credit. "Te" Mitchell featured with a strong offensive and defensive game as did the sparkplug of the North outfit "Cracker" Cooke. These three boys did all the Scarlet and Black scoring and they also held their men down in fine fashion. The two guards, "Bill" Morrison and Walter Joly displayed marvelous defensive powers and were on the starting end of most of the Raiders scoring drives. Morrison held the dangerous "Eddie" Dunn to a lone point for the defensive highlight of the fray. Just a few days before, Dunn had run up 15 points against the crack Chelsea High club and the Quincy backers were expecting him to run wild against North but Morrison, who is a junior by the way, didn't give him a chance to get set. In fact the whole North squad handled the Blue and White in the same fashion and if they had shown the same game throughout the regular season they would have piled up an impressive record.

This game was the last chance the seniors will ever get a crack at Quincy so the win was doubly sweet. These same boys have taken Quincy in football and basketball now and they leave a mark for next year's teams to shoot at.

NORTH QUINCY SPLITS IN TOURNAMENT

In the first round of the North Shore Tournament to which they were invited by the officials in charge, the Red Raiders from North Quincy won their game against Medford, 19-18, but were themselves nosed out in the second flight by Haverhill 23-22.

Looking rather ragged in both tilts the Northerners had enough punch to lick Medford in a close struggle in the first game. Captain "Gump" Gurney the Medford ace played a fine game for the Blue and White Bruins and

this leader almost gained a victory for his team with a last minute surge. MacDonald also gave North plenty of bother with a nice all-around game. For the Northerners, Nelson and Mitchel split the scoring honors with 6 counters apiece while Cooke also played a great game.

The second flight found the Scarlet and Black on the short end of another one point game. Scoring five points in the last minute and a half, the timekeeper's bell sounded the death knell of North's hopes as they realized they had started their rally too late. Haverhill went into an early lead and were never headed, being up 14-7 at the half and were trailing 20-15 entering the last quarter. With a minute and a half to play, North began to play basketball for the first time that evening and buzzed five points through the counting station. Nelson tossed in a charity chuck, "Te" Mitchell wound up from mid-floor and steered one in and "Dick" Fisher put the North rooters in a frenzy when counted with a beautiful one-hander from the side, but time was too short for the Scarlet and Black to score again and their hopes went glimmering.

WRESTLING NEWS

With most of the season behind it North's wrestling team led by Capt. Ken Patten is the champ of the Old Colony League and the South Shore. The team has won six matches and tied one in the league bouts. It suffered only one defeat and that was to Milton which is in the prep school class, but made up for the defeat by tying Tufts freshmen team in a practice match and by defeating Central High, Providence, R. I., the State champs of Rhode Island.

The MacDonald coached team started off the season with an easy victory over Weymouth, taking them 33 to 10, losing one match as the 95 lb. class match was forfeited. Kenny Patten took his first match of the season in 50 seconds.

Quincy High was the next to go down under North's matmen, 23 to 13. North came up from behind in the earlier part of the match and kept the lead to win.

The next victim to North's championship quest was Watertown High. North won by 26 to 8 their third successive win of the season. Bill Feurtado defeated Mazza of Watertown in one of the most exciting matches, holding the interest of the crowd every second of the bout.

The next to go under to North was Needham High in their first meet with North which they lost 23 to 11.

Weymouth again went down in defeat against North losing 23 to 12 in North's last home match.

In her sixth straight victory North overcame Quincy 23 to 13 and won the South Shore championship.

At the next match, Needham in a hard fought match tied with North. The tie, however, definitely gave North the League championship with only one match with Watertown to go.

With the League championship safely in its grasp North is going to enter the Tufts Tournament for the State championship with great possibilities of taking home the prize.

Andrew Dooley.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Take a look at them, I mean the new flashy basketball suits worn by members of the first string. They look fine on the eight who were the lucky one's to get them. These girls are proud and happy to be able to wear the red and black for our school. It was through Mr. Collins and Mr. Jack that the suits were obtained, and to them the girls are very grateful. To express it, they will endeavor to win all their games. With Rita Darling as Captain and Mary Ready as manager, the team has scheduled some games that are to be played in the near future. It will be necessary therefore, to record the outcome of them in the last issue of this magazine. The Alumnæ will invade the Northerners as a start for the season. Quincy High and the North Faculty will also compete against us. Other games have been planned, but as yet no definite decision has been made.

Miss Perkins had a big job on her hands in picking out members for the first string. The forward positions were the easiest to fill with Darling and Deering. These two click so well that they were listed from the first. At center Graham, who is but a sophomore, has been playing as well as a senior. With some coaching she will be one of the best. Archer, also at center, has always played well. Donna is the only side-center on the first team, and she and Archer make a fine combination. The guard positions were a problem, but were settled when Ready, Leavitt and Young were listed. Olson and Oberg have also showed promises. That I believe concludes the list. Come and watch the games, I'm sure you'll enjoy them.

Anna Cashman.

NORTH GIRLS TAKE Q. H. ALUMNÆ, 33–10

The battling Quincy High Alumnæ went down in defeat before the North High six, Wednesday, February 28, at the North Gym.

Before a small audience the Alumnæ were nosed out of victory by the superior team work, faster passing attack and the sharp shooting forward, Rita "Muscles" Darling.

The North six held their rivals scoreless during the first half while they piled up a 17 point lead.

"Dot" Graham may be only a sophomore, but let me tell you Vera VonBerg had "a job and a half" to keep this center from feeding the ball across the forward line. Archer and Donna also were outstanding in center bounds.

No, I didn't forget how our steady little guards, Mary Ready, Elsie Young, and Harriet Leavitt held those forwards scoreless during the first half.

Anna "Cashie" Cashman and Eleanor "Jimmie" Whitford also were helpful towards the victory.

Helen Spadorcia, Alpha captain, played well to score all the points for the Alumnæ. Last year this team took North 29-18 so now the wound has been healed.

We are looking forward to another contest with this team soon, as well as other games with Quincy High.

Margaret Deering.

ALUMNI

FEBRUARY, 1928

Burton Whitman is a Junior at Bowdoin College, where he is preparing for Harvard Medical School.

Walter Maiback is a Junior at Tufts College, preparing for the medical profession.

Donald Bell is a Sophomore at Colgate College, where he is outstanding in track and hockey.

JUNE, 1928

Halsey Weaver is in his second year at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Robert Snyder is employed by the Mason Steam Regulator Company.

Prescott Reimer is employed at the Billings Pharmacy.

FEBRUARY, 1929

John McPartlin is attending a Boston Business College where he is an honor man.

JUNE, 1929

Joseph Cunniff is a member of the varsity football and basketball team at the Huntington Preparatory School. He will enter the University of Notre Dame in September.

Bernice Hipson is at the Framingham Normal School.

Robert Simpson is employed by the Fanny Farmer Company.

Vincent Dunning is employed by Sam's, Incorporated.

The engagement of Dorothy McLean and Stanley Culpon was announced recently.

Hartman Sass is a student at Bates College.

Dorothy McKenna is employed by the Filene's Stores in Boston.

Paul McCombs is attending Dartmouth College.

FEBRUARY, 1930

Ruth Bell is a Freshman at Wheaton College.

Margarida McManus is attending Mrs. Ross' School of Interior Decorating in Boston.

Norma Paré is studying at the Vesper George Art School.

Hazel Taylor attends the Ambassador Secretarial School where she is President of her class.

JUNE, 1930

Virginia Harrington is a student at Wheelock's Kindergarten School.

Genevieve Guilmartin attends the Boston University College of Practical Arts.

Marion Fuller is preparing at the Bridgewater State College.

Muriel Lowell is on a trip to Panama, Havana and Venezuela.

Gertrude McClosky is a student at the Fisher Business College.

Margaret McLeod is studying to be a nurse at the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital.

Viviene Williams is attending the Ambassador Secretarial School.

Ruth Cashman is a pupil at the Pierce Secretarial School.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLE

1.	(Mr.) Bacon.	20.	(Miss) Crockett.
2.	(Miss) Savage.	21.	(Mr.) Alexander.
3.	(Miss) Marr.	22.	(Mrs.) Frye.
4.	(Mr.) Gage.	23.	(Miss) Perkins.
5.	(Miss) Smith.	24.	(Mrs.) Ross.
6.	(Miss) Hunt.	25.	(Miss) Sherman.
7.	(Miss) Coyle.	26.	(Mr.) Jack.
8.	(Mrs.) Carroll.	27.	(Miss) Tufts.
9.	(Miss) Burns.	28.	(Mr.) Foy.
10.	(Miss) Starr.	29.	(Miss) Billman.
11.	(Mr.) Coolidge.	30.	(Miss) Dennison.
12.	(Miss) Whitney.	31.	(Miss) Reinhardt.
13.	(Miss) White.	32.	(Miss) Reilly.
14.	(Miss) Meisner.	33.	(Mr.) Rogers.
15.	(Mr.) Bridges.	34.	(Mr.) Silvia.
16.	(Mr.) West.	35.	(Mr.) Howland.
17.	(Miss) Marriner.	36.	(Miss) Flavin.
18.	(Mr.) Price.	37.	(Mr.) MacDonald.
19.	(Miss) Currier.	38.	(Mr.) Donahue.

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HOSTESS CUP CAKES

ON SALE

IN THE CAFETERIA

McGue: "What nationality is a baby, who is born on a tramp steamer in the middle of the ocean?"

Miss Bain: "I don't know; what is it?"

McGue: "A tramp."

TUTORING by HARVARD STUDENT

MATHEMATICS — PHYSICS

CHEMISTRY — FRENCH — GERMAN

REASONABLE RATES

ROBERT C. PUTNAM

74 WEBSTER STREET Gra. 0659-M ATLANTIC

PAINT & VARNISH COMPANY

There was a young girl named Estrella
Who went with a very fine fella',
But she was so shy.
She thought she would die,
When he asked to share his umbrella.

Robert A. Weden, 9-1.

SHOES FOR DRESS AND SPORT WEAR

CREED'S SHOE STORE

52 BILLINGS ROAD

NORFOLK DOWNS

There was a young person we hear,
To whom an Austin was given in fear;
In all kinds of weather
You'd see them together,
Yet never stripped she a gear.

By a Friend.

NEWS-STAND **CONFECTIONERY**

PERIODICALS **NOVELTIES**

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

BRETT'S

205 West Squantum Street Montclair

NORFOLK DOWNS SPA

OPPOSITE PARKER SCHOOL

M. D. WAGNER

Fred Blanchard: "Say, Mr. Howland."

Mr. Howland: "Yes, Fred."

Fred: "Do you know what? You and Mr. Collins would make a good pair of 'suspenders'."

Andrews Pharmacy

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

ICE CREAM

SODAS

TOBACCO SUNDRIES CANDY

68 NEWBURY AVENUE NORTH QUINCY

Plymouth Rock Ice Cream

"IT'S GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN"

MADE IN A SUNLIGHT FOOD FACTORY

Visit our factory with your family and see how we make

PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE CREAM

For You

PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE CREAM CO.

TELEPHONE ROCKLAND 1620

LIMERICK

There was a young horse from Bombay,
Who wouldn't eat oats with his hay;
To save him from pain
They gave the horse grain,
So now he can gallop all day.

Peggy J. Childerhose.

GRANITE 3543-M

RITE WAY SHOE REPAIRING

FRED AMATO, Prop.

HIGH GRADE WORK AT LOWEST PRICES

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

113 BILLINGS ROAD NORFOLK DOWNS

EASY MONEY

Tramp to Lady: "Lady, could you give me some money."

Lady: "Aren't you ashamed to ask for it?"

Tramp: "Well, lady, I got six months for taking it without asking. Bertha Emmett.

Tel. Granite 6637-M Res., Granite 5535-W

NORFOLK DOWNS TAILORING

I. Tolchinsky

LADIES' and GENTS' TAILOR

Furrier a Specialty

42 Billings Road Norfolk Downs

TED'S BEAUTY AND BARBER SHOP

66 Billings Road

Norfolk Downs

Telephone Granite 1850-R

Mother: "Eat your spinach and you will be a big athlete."

Ed. Cragin: "I'll be a cheer leader, then I won't have to eat it."

SANDBERG'S SERVICE STATION

Gasoline — Oil — Accessories

507 FURNACE BROOK PARKWAY

Tel. Granite 6350

When women are fixing their hair,
They work with fastidious care;
They treasure each strand
With a pat of the hand,
And think of the men they can snare.

Peggy J. Childerhose.

SIX REASONS WHY THE

NORFOLK HABERDASHERY

IS THE FAVORITE STORE

WITH NORTH QUINCY STUDENTS—

1. IF IT IS NEW, WE HAVE IT.
2. OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.
3. WE ARE WELL STOCKED.
4. MONEY CHEERFULLY REFUNDED.
5. WE ARE NEIGHBORS.
6. WE BELIEVE THAT "YOUTH MUST BE SERVED."

NORFOLK HABERDASHERY

47 BILLINGS ROAD

GRANITE CITY PRINT

JOB PRINTERS

Savings Bank Building

14 Maple Street - Quincy

We are in the basement,
They say, "Hard to find"
But you will not have trouble
Unless you are quite blind.

SPORT

SPEED - STRENGTH - STAMINA

depend on

BONE - MUSCLE - SINEW

The best coaches insist that milk be part of every athelete's diet . . . . . Why? They know that milk is the one complete, all-round food . . . that it balances diets which lack in necessary essentials. "That Creamy Milk," in exclusive Cream Top bottles is best. . . . . .

WHITE BROS.

That Creamy Milk

GRAnite 8000